

**FILM FANTASY! TV TERROR! VIDEO VIOLENCE!** A QUALITY MAGAZINE

# HORROR

HALLS OF

60p - \$2.00

FEAR-FILLED  
**FIRST**  
NEW-LOOK  
EDITION

**BRITAIN'S**  
AWARD WINNING  
FANTASY SCREEN  
JOURNAL RETURNS

*featuring*

A FREE FULL COLOUR  
16½ x 11¾" POSTER

**THE MONSTER CLUB**  
--told in pictures by  
top fantasy artist  
John Bolton



**The Spawn of Psycho**  
**ROBERT BLOCH**  
INTERVIEW

**PSYCHO STABBING**  
--THE TRUTH!

THE HISTORY OF  
**SLASH MOVIES**

**HAMMER'S**  
**PSYCHO**  
**SCREAMERS**

**CLASSIC GORE:**

TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE  
DERANGED - DEATH TRAP  
HALLOWEEN - FRIDAY THE 13th

**VIDEO**  
**VENGEANCE**  
Ramsey Campbell  
cuts down the hacks

# 25



## Vol 3 No 1

# WELCOME BACK!

Outside of a *Warrior Special*, devoted to the out-of-print work of the late Gene Roddenberry, it's taken exactly five years to explain what happened. Following three slightly different titles across its 23 issue run, *House of Horror*, *House of Horror/Halls of Horror* suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

While its place was, initially, taken over by *Starburst* (involving the same creative team), what happened to *Hell* remained a mystery to anyone not attending fantasy conventions.

Now it can be told: the publishing parent company (WH Allen) decided to fold their magazine into *MAD Magazine* (because the property of Science International Publications, under the editorship of Ron Leedford), and *Hell* was bought by us.

Both magazines had been doing fine. Unfortunately the rest of the company's line, of a more dubious 'glamour magazine' content, were not.

Mervel expressed interest in both *Starburst* and as editor, but sadly not in *Hell*. In fact, in *Starburst* 1, I rightly (or so) told we'd be around for a long time. Thanks to Alan McLean who took over editorship from me with issue 20. *Starburst* is still around, five years later.

Now, thanks to Quality Communications' business with *Warrior*, *Hell* returns, albeit possibly in competition with its own offspring, *Starburst*.

We do feel, however, that *Hell* had its own identity in those early days, and this is something its new editor, Dave Reader intends to strengthen over the coming months. Hopefully the market is large enough for both *Starburst* and *Hell* to co-exist reflecting different values, and different aspects, of the fantasy scene.

One of the main aspects of the original *Hell* which we have retained is the inclusion of a comic strip adaptation of a fantasy film. Whether this will continue is, as always, subject to its popularity.

Suffice to say... **WELCOME BACK!** Over to you, Dave Reader/Editor/Publisher.

Some things are worth waiting for.

I've survived this moment since that first battered copy of *Fantasy Monsters* all those years ago. I've survived it and planned what I would do if ever (should I) find my chance and

I wasn't ready for the months of hard work when Dave asked me to resurrect his award-winning *Halls of Horror*. I wasn't ready for the hours we plotted and schemed and raged through ideas like deranged chessmen. Most of all I wasn't ready to explain to my mother that my 'dissected' interest had finally led me to producing the end stuff! So this is for her, but we hope that our one guiding rule will make *Halls of Horror* the fantasy film magazine for you.

This is the monster film magazine Dave and I always wanted to read ourselves!

*Halls of Horror* will be original, serious (without being dull), and fun without being childish. Each issue will take an oblique look at a new fantasy film (or two) and put it into perspective. We'll be talking both about the latest London release and the turkey ripped onto late-night TV! We love them all and we're going to have fun.

And so will you... you're in at the start of another new and exciting idea from Quality, home of the equally original *Warrior*. We know you'll join us - we hope you'll let us know how we're doing so that *Halls of Horror* becomes the magazine you've been waiting for too.

Don't forget - ask for Quality and you'll get the best!

And that's a promise  
Dave Reader/Editor



**Editorial Director**  
**DEZ SKINN**

**Editor**  
**DAVE REEDER**

**Assistant Editor**  
**SHAN OSLEY**

**Design**  
**DEXTER CRAIG**

**Design assistance:**  
**GARRY LEACH**  
**STEVE 'WIN' WACEK**  
**RICHARD FISHER**

**Writes this issue:**  
**RAMSEY CAMPBELL**  
**TONY CRAWLEY**  
**GLEN DAVIES**  
**KEITH DUDLEY**  
**JOHN FLEMING**  
**STEVE JONES**  
**MICHEL PARRY**  
**DAVID PINE**  
**DAVE REEDER**  
**DEZ SKINN**  
**JIM STERANKO**  
**ANTHONY TATE**

**Artists this issue**  
**JOHN BOLTON**  
**GARRY LEACH (cover)**

HALLS OF HORROR is published quarterly (March, June, September and December) by Quality Communications Limited, 11 Lovelace Way, London E24 6EH. The contents are copyright and may not be reproduced in any way shape or form except for the purpose of review without the written permission of the copyright holder. All photographic material is copyright BBC, NBC, ABC, CBS, NBC, Columbia, EMI, Warner, New Vision, RKO, 20th Century Fox, UP, Paramount, Orion, Walt Disney Productions, US, MGM, MCA/Universal, others and their affiliates.

**Exclusive North American suppliers**  
**Thorn Distributors Ltd., PO Box 290, London E2 4ET**

**HALLS OF HORROR is copyright**  
**© Quality Communications Ltd.**

## PSYCHO II

4

*The path from Psycho to Psycho II is littered with corpses. Editor Dave Reeder picks his way through the tangled story.*

## THE BLOCH INTERVIEW

5

*Robert 'Psycho' Bloch talks about his career, his morbid sense of humour and his latest book, Psycho II, to Jim Steranko*

## THE BLOCH FILMOGRAPHY

9

*From Psycho to The Bird Don't Die, the complete Robert Bloch filmography including his three screen appearances.*

## PSYCHO STABBING

10

*The truth of who was in charge of this classic film sequence, plus how it was done. Feature by Tony Crowley.*

## THE SPAWN OF PSYCHO

15

*An overview of Psycho's children through the 'slash' movies of the 1960s and 1970s. Feature by Michel Parry.*

## HORROR ON THE CHEAP

22

*Robert Bloch, Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky made sex films together for Amicus. Stephen Jones gives us the background.*

## THE MONSTER CLUB

26

*A look at a unique marketing concept by author Dez Skinn plus a fourteen page adaptation by John Bolton.*

## A TASTE OF PARANOIA

44

*A full study of Hammer's psychological movies from Taste of Fear to Fear in the Night by Keith Dudley and Glen Davies.*

## CLASSIC GORE

48

*The five greatest 'slash' movies re-presented and re-reviewed. Quite again as you are reminded of The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Dementia, Halloween, Death Trap and Friday the 13th by John Fleming, David Pine and Anthony Tate.*

## CAMPBELL'S CORNER

53

*Round out the issue in controversial style with regular columnist Ramsey Campbell.*

# AT LAST PSYCHO II

Feature by  
Dave  
Reeder

I was inevitable, in an industry currently dominated by sequels and remakes, that the eyes of studio executives would one day turn to Alfred Hitchcock's classic *Psycho*. What is surprising is that it has taken twenty-three years to bring *Psycho II* to your screens instead of the usual two or three.

Yet the story is more involved than it first appears: in the last year there has been news of no less than three very different versions of *Psycho II*.

Firstly, two young American filmmakers, Gary Davis and Michael Jentel, announced a \$1 million dollars suspense thriller *The Return of Norman* at the start of 1980. Despite its title with author Robert Bloch, author of the original *Psycho* novel, or Universal, who bought the rights to the 1960 film from Paramount (who, to complete the circle, had filmed it on Universal's back lot) they were confident of success. "If the script had been written while Hitchcock was still alive, we would have offered it to him," Jentel told *Cinefantastique* at length when the project was first revealed.

But their failure to interest any of the surviving cast members (or, in an original move, the proposed hiring of Jamie Lee Curtis—Curtis Lang's daughter who supposedly said the idea was dumb!) put the project on hold. More predictable perhaps were rumblings about copyright from both Universal and Bloch and so, undaunted, they announced that the \$1 million dollar *The Return of Norman* was being rewritten (excepting all copyright infringing elements) and would appear as the 10-million dollar *The Return of the Psycho* from the Stoking Pottery Company.

No grounds in this tale for presuming a relation to either Bloch's novel or Hitchcock's cinema adaptation. No question of that.

Enter Robert Bloch. Angered by reports of the activities of Davis and Jentel ("apparently these gentlemen have no realization that there are such things as copyright laws and screen rights") and encouraged by his agent, he set to work on his own sequel, *Psycho II*. As he explains in our interview: "I began thinking about the status of violence in our society, what would old Norman think if he were suddenly released into today's world? How would he operate? And how often running, mentally at least." And, after more than twenty years trying to rid himself of the tag, Robert "Psycho" Bloch was off and running, writing at least his new novel for Warner (US) and Gorgi (UK) and a chance to be known in the future as Robert "Psycho" Bloch.

Lastly, Universal slid into action. After dreading the docks of the proposed *The Return of Norman* and rejecting Bloch's outline for a possible sequel, they gave the go-ahead for a 4-million dollar *Psycho II*, as a

co-production with Gek Communications a television TV station in America.

Filming, from a script by Tora Hølland, finished last year but everyone from Australian director Richard Franklin to up-and-coming stars Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles are keeping very quiet about the plot. However, we know at least that Bates has been released from the hospital for the allegedly insane to return to the Bates Motel and that famous Victorian house on the hill. "There," says barely older looking Perkins, "he realizes he has the potential of being dangerous."

One thing is certain—this is not a cheap rip-off of the horror film that touched people even beyond the genre. Director Franklin's admiration for Hitchcock led him to the University of Southern California Film School and he claims he is "trying to make a film that recreates what I felt as a twelve-year-old" when he snuck into a cinema to see *Psycho* five times. Milton Green, producer of *Psycho II*, worked as first assistant director on *Psycho* and has treasured to duplicate the original house. "It's an odd thing to see the house reappear," he said, after many of the original props emerged from storage at Universal.

One cherished item, however, will not return. After being passed into service for John Carpenter's *The Thing*, that famous shower head has disappeared.

So will we be afraid to go back into the shower again? Vera Miles for one is certain we'll be as terrified as we ever were. "For years movies have been trying not to duplicate *Psycho* but to out-evil it," he said, trying carefully to go back to the Hitchcock



style — to put terror in the mind of the audience, rather than the eye of the viewer."

The last word is Robert Bloch's, a man surprisingly cheerful about selling all screen rights to a sequel back in 1963 for a mere \$5000. "I'm just glad I didn't have the victim on a toilet seat!" And on that note we invite you to an extra-length look at the work of Robert Bloch and the world of *Psycho*'s children...

Whether a precursor to the professional category, or not, Dave Reeder has done a lot.

— without hardly giving his name credit. A graduate of *Rolling Stone* magazine, Reeder has spent the last few years before turning up to edit and produce the superb feature-length fantasy *Wizards*, and to play a number of agents and present for markets such as *Playboy*, *Time*, *Quartz* and *Entertainment Weekly*. Reeder has been in the UK and US before but is now doing what he does best: writing and editing for a living.



*Are your fans disappointed?*

**Disappointed everybody.** Whenever I try to do anything about it, my wife nags me. I could show you the scars on that little dog there.

*Please! I'm squeamish! After 41 years of creating fear and horror in print, are you pleased with the life you've led?*

Oh yes! Writing for those miserable pulps opened a great many doors to me. I was always a talent film buff, but I never thought I'd meet the people I see on the screen. Became a friend of Buster Keaton or Fritz Lang? Impossible! Wrote films for Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck? I did *Strait Jacket* and *The Night Walker*. It was seventh heaven for me, as a fan -- and I'm still after. To meet the writers whose work entertained me for years, to go to conventions everywhere, France, Australia? How would these things be possible under normal circumstances? They wouldn't.

*Still, working behind a typewriter can be a lonely occupation.*

I always knew I was doing the wrong thing. I've been waiting long enough to know what I should have done if I wanted to make it big. When I read *Psycho* for a picture, I could still have capitalized on the book by moving out here, putting myself in Hitch, buying a big home in Bel Air or Beverly Hills and hiring a PR man to let it be known -- "The author of *Psycho* has arrived. Kiss me!"

But, there's no such thing as being a little pregnant. I would have had to make that a way of life, at the expense of my wife, daughter and other responsibilities. I don't see the Hollywood route as a comfortable lifestyle for me. I didn't have the personality or the physical stamina for it. It wasn't a matter of being noble, just realistic.

*Just how did you make the big connection?*

*Psycho* was sold blind in 1958 to MCA by my then-five-year agent for \$45,000, all rights, including sequels. Simon and Schuster got 15 per cent, my agent, 25 per cent. I was left with a gross, not a net of \$5,000. That, I learned, that Alfred Hitchcock was making the film. I was delighted.

Years later, I found out from Herb Coleman, Hitch's longtime associate producer through North by Northwest, that Hitch had asked an MCA agent if I would be available to do the screenplay. The agent -- who wanted to sell an MCA client as the writer -- said, "No, Bloch's not available." So, I didn't write the script.

*Eventually, you did 'go Hollywood'.*

I arrived in L.A. in fall 1959 to do a trial TV show, *Look-up*, for Ziv, a bottom-of-the-barrel syndication studio which no longer exists, with the proviso that if they liked the scripts and I got more assignments, maybe I'd stay out here. I did. I got other assignments, one from Alfred Hitchcock Presents. I

was here for two months when there was a Writer's Guild strike. So, I sat here for half-a-year writing pulp stories.

Then, I worked on scripts at Universal, and wandered onto the stage where they were shooting the *Psycho* Bates Motel sequence. Nobody knew me. I didn't speak to anyone. I wandered out again.

The first time I met Hitch was at a rough cut screening on the Universal lot. We slatted afterwards. *Psycho* is really a Paramount picture. Everybody seems to think it was a Universal film, because it was made on their lot. Paramount opposed the film, and told Hitch they didn't have any space for it. Hitch's contract gave him control of subject matter, and he wanted to make *Psycho*; but Paramount did everything possible to block the project. They hated the idea, the whole concept, they knew it was going to be a catastrophe. They cut the budget. Hitch had to use his television cameraman, John

off in the shower. The insurance man's advice as I had envisaged it, the charming mother in the final cellar, the final business about Norman Bates' possession by his mother, my last line, "Why she wouldn't even harm a fly."

Knowing how things are usually tampered with in film adaptations, I was relaxed and pleased by the way it was done. I had no complaints whatsoever, except, that had I done the screenplay -- and it's probably just as well I didn't, since I didn't have full knowledge of working techniques then -- I might have shortened the explanatory apology by at least half, which wouldn't have harmed anything.

*Which role was the superimposition -- Mrs. Bates' behavior on Norman's face -- at the end?*

Obviously Hitch's idea, a great touch. The only problem I have is all the French and British exponents of the auteur theory who gush about *Psycho*. "Isn't it so wonderful that Hitchcock thought of killing the girl in a shower where skin is so vulnerable? Isn't it daring of him to think that?" If they ever mention my name, it's "This was taken from a trashy pulp magazine story."

Hitch himself was the only one who disagreed. In *The Cultured Movie Hollywood* and *Disorderly Conduct*, in an interview with Charles Higham and Joe Greenberg, Hitch says, "*Psycho* all came from Robert Bloch's book. The serpentaire, Joseph Stefano, a radio-writer -- had been recommended to me by my agents, MCA -- contributed dialogue mostly, so I am." I've studied by that statement, I just wish that some auteur theorists had bothered to read that interview, because I'm constantly bothered with the question, "Hitchcock wrote *Psycho*, didn't he? Then, you adapted it into a novel?"

If that was so, you wouldn't have stopped off his head.

That was far dramatically effect. Writers, for the most part, didn't do gross things those days. You could ring the readers with one line, then get out, instead of going into the murder sequence. They would share the headline's shock that the was actually happening. It seemed to be a feasible method of disposing of her so as to shock readers with the event's sheer abruptness and to make them wonder where the story was going to go from there.

*Psycho* was inspired by the Ed Gein murders.

Yes, but there's a neat distinction. It was inspired by the murders, not by Ed Gein, murderer. I was writing in Weyauwega, Wisconsin, a town so small that if you stepped on the north side, somebody on the south side saw "Geandarch." Everybody knew everyone else's business. Some 40-odd miles away in an even smaller town, Plainfield, on a Saturday morning, some-

"Robert Bloch is perhaps the finest psychological horror writer working today" - Stephen King.

Russell, and about in black-and-white without his usual Cary Grants or Jimmy Stewarts.

*I'm so glad!*

So was I, I found out. He agreed with me that colour was wrong for *Psycho*.

*What was your first response to that rough cut?*

When Hitch asked me, I said, "I think it's either going to be your biggest hit or your biggest disaster."

*How did you feel about the changes in your material?*

Very pleased. I could see why he had altered Norman Bates' age. Originally, Bates was a middle-aged, unattractive man. That would have tipped off the audience at once. You couldn't put Rod Taylor in that role and do it successfully on screen. I understood why certain scenes that I deleted or described in a few brief lines were expanded into full sequences. And, I could see why instead of having the young lady's head chopped off in the shower, Hitch had her stabbed. His disapprovals in those days, I wouldn't have wanted that anyway. Too messy.

The story, the characters, plot twists were all mine. There was no heroism going blind

body-walked into Gan's shop and discovered a woman lying in the office dressed like a deer. The police arrested Gan, and suspected he may have murdered others, too. That's all our little waste paper said, because it was not their habit to bedmouth small-town living.

I knew very little about the Gan case per se, and nothing whatsoever about him, except he was a 40-year-old man, a suspected father for his entire life. He had been a bodycenter, he gave people little gifts. He had apparently been killing women for some time, there was talk on the local radio station about digging up graves. I was amazed that Gan could conduct himself without anyone suspecting the truth. I said, "There's a book in it!"

It started me thinking, I tried to figure out what kind of man could get away with murder, to develop a pattern for this imaginary character. I decided he was probably asexual. It would be more plausible if he himself didn't know what he was doing. What would motivate him? I came up with the Gnostic situation and the transvestite thing, which was pretty offbeat at the time.

How did you develop that idea?

My feeling was that if he was going to unconsciously impersonate his mother, he'd go all the way. It was also a useful device in the mystification of the plot. If Norman believes his mother is alive and other people are evidence of that, then, the reader will believe it, too. It worked.

Right later, Anthony Roucher wanted me to do a feature piece on the Gan case for the *Mystery Writers of America* in my research. I discovered, to my surprise, that Gan was a school, that he had a mother figure, that he had lost his mother—I don't know if he dug her up again and stuck her in the cellar—and that he was a transvestite. However, he didn't wear his mother's clothes. He wore Norman's (a better, Gan wore strips of skin and breasts cut from his victims. He also indulged in necrophilia, cannibalism, and a few other "items" that weren't in the province of my character—and wouldn't have been very popular with readers in the '50s).

The facts were amazing. They even horrified me a little. "I'm not going to look in mirrors for awhile. How can I come up with something which so closely parallels reality? What kind of sides are I? Of course, I've been many places in my life, because I always impersonate the characters I write about—good, bad or indifferent. That's the only writing technique I have. In my own mind, I try to impersonate the characters. How would this one speak? How would they act? What would he or she do under these circumstances? How would he rationalize his behavior? It's acting.

You've always been fascinated, as many people are, with mass murder—Gan, the Cleveland Torso Killer, Jack the Ripper, of course—and Herman Munzger, the notorious fraud killer, the Duke of American Gethse.

Yes, I researched Munzger, aka H.H. Holmes, discovering there were so many weird, unspeakable things about his exploits that I couldn't use them all in the novel. Nobody would believe it.

Gan in mind, I was born in Georgia. My parents told me about H.H. Holmes, who had been an active member of the community when they were children. So, I was doubly interested. Fortunately, I didn't throw out my notes, because I'm doing a book-length non-fiction account of the actual Holmes case for *Penguin's* *Oscar Books: Tales of the Unsettling*, to be published in 1983. Now, I can use all the bizarre facts, and get to the heart of the matter, sans speak.

After the wider news reports of the Gan case, did your plotline just fall into place?



It seemed to go—as the old dirty joke he'd—"Yes, please! The total elapsed time between first impregnation and final perimission was about seven weeks. In these days, I could write much quicker. Of course, I had no interference whatsoever. Living in Wisconsin, Wisconsin. No night life. No daytime, either. I'd stay at that typewriter from 9:30 am to 6:30 pm.

Were any scenes in particular tough to write?

It was a comparatively easy book. Several of my then-correspondents were aware that I was writing another novel and asked, "Will you sell it to the movies?" I wrote back to one and all, "This one would never be made into a movie!"

Did *Psycho II* capture any other shock work of that time?

No. *Psycho* was the first.

Has must have had hundreds of offers to do *Psycho II* during the last 20 years?

Never! Not one person ever came to me and said, "Do *Psycho II*," except Kirby McCauley, my present agent.

Afterward, like such a natural star, why wait until now?

I had thought of it, but I didn't bring the idea up, because I had no particular financial

Goalfather. II and What-Have-You II (Glyves) I. But why should I do it? Then, Kirby said, "I will get you an offer you cannot refuse. You'll make enough money on the book so you can forget a bad film rights." I said, "All right, bring in some offers, and I'll be happy to write it, because I think some ideas."

*Psycho II* was something I very much wanted to do. I got hooked on the project itself. It kept nagging at me, and I began to evolve a plan that would make it work in my mind, to justify doing it at all. The sequel has a great deal more comment on our times than *Psycho* did. You see, for the past decade, I've been constantly asked, "Well, what do you think about violence?"

Many people point to *Psycho* as one of the seminal episodes of today's violent films. Not, in terms of actual visual violence, it's quite mild, violence by inference. That knife never goes into flesh. The most graphically violent episode in Arbogast's nine-page fall, but even that is usually topped in the first 30 seconds in all of today's alleged horror films. Lovely children go first, the man's chest opens. Now, his head explodes. Where do you go from here?

So, I begin thinking about the status of violence in society. What would old Norman think if he were suddenly released into today's world? How would he operate? And I was off and running, mentally at least.

You let Norman believe so?

Norman believes a loose again, providing me with a nice way of expressing my thoughts on violence without incurring it. A wonderful opportunity to go along with Norman and see how different things have become. *Psycho II* is essentially a science fiction novel—no one will realize that unless they remember I said it here—set in a parallel universe. It's Norman Bates' world. There is no movie called *Psycho* there.

How you came the new state of horror films?

Not if I'm wanted in advance about anything that is unduly reassuring. I don't see many of these films, because I'm squeamish. I don't like the sight of blood—it's unpleasant. Most of them don't horrify me. I don't think they're all that innovative or creative. These things were being done at Auschwitz long before most of these authors were born. Anybody who had any training, even in a minor capacity at Berlin, could come up with even more horrifying, reassuring gimmicks to employ in a movie.

There is a difference between horror and entertainment.

It's very easy to shock someone, but there's incentive to do so. Not having screen rights, I don't write it so often, because why should I write something for free? I'm not so stupid that I didn't see the handwriting on the prey will ten years ago, with *Jaws II*. The

are different ways to shoot.

**Does *Psycho II* have the original's about value?**

We'll see. Things have to be done in a different way to catch readers by surprise these days, because they have been subjected to so many reiterations. There have been other victims trapped in showers and dispatched by transverse murderers.

**So you feel intimidated? Readers will expect you to top your own classic.**

I don't have that particular bugaboo. I sit down with an idea, try to develop it the best way I can, figure out how I can hook the reader and carry him along. Initially, the idea has to be there. But I wasn't psyching myself up with this one, that this has to out-psycho *Psycho*, that I owe it to myself, the readers and the writers. That's twisted, really, equals fall. In their efforts to top the master, they move in another direction and inject added elements on the theory that if one is good, ten is better. They lose sight of the original while hiding behind a successful title with a Roman numeral added.

**Then *Psycho II* is a re-tune/extension of the first book's events.**

Not really. I prefer to think of it as an emotional extension of events.

**What do you consider to be the story's essential elements? Is Norman Bates back at a motel—on somewhere else?**

Yeah. He is now forced to operate within the extended ground rules of today's society. *Psycho* isn't so gothic. He has to be more clever. It takes place in 1981. Norman is older. The years have gone by. He's been in the nut factory, where he learned a few tricks.

**The horror genre is currently very hot. How do you read *Peter Strub* and *Stephen King*?**

Certainly I know them, read them carefully, and blurbed both of their first books. I'm very fond of their work.

**There are almost literary aspects to**

I have a philosophical attitude. Let's say, for the sake of argument, that the horror film vogues had ended in the early '70s. But that I had not written *Psycho* until that time—instead of the late '50s. A dozen years would have made a tremendous difference, because by then, there was a precedent for the million-dollar film sale or the million-dollar advance for paperback rights to an unknown writer—even in the genre. I come along at the wrong time. They weren't doing it then, so I didn't get it. By the time they were, I was old fat, passé, and the action went to the kids. It's basic rule in science fiction and science fiction, *Animal House* or *George Lucas* projects. Now, when you get \$25 to \$30 million to spend on a film, you look around for someone who's 30 or 35 to execute it.

**During the Depression, the advantage was**

to be, if not old, at least middle-aged. Then, the older experienced people got the jobs, but we still wanted. Now, as I approach the other end of the spectrum, old people are swept under the rug in favor of kids. It's just a matter of timing, a condition under which one lives and must adapt to at least one way. I have no desire to live a different life, and if I had to live it over again, I don't think I'd choose to be old in the '80s and young in the '50s, even if I could figure out how to do it.

**Maybe it is the wrong time.**

For every prototype.

**If you had written *Psycho* in the '50s, you probably wouldn't have had Hitchcock and Bernard Herrmann in glorious black and white. It would have been a colour quirkie directed by Roger Corman. And another movie.**

Absolutely.

**With *Psycho II* ready to be unveiled, do you have any other projects in the works?**

I have an inability to think of more than one thing at a time. I've never been able to juggle a variety of projects or ideas at one time. Whatever I'm working on is what I'm working on. Only when I lay a aside, am I able to work on something new. That's one of the disadvantages of not having two heads. I have completed an untitled suspense novel that I'll submit to a publisher soon, but beyond that, I have no idea what I'll be doing next. Something will come along. It always has.

**I imagine you'll be writing to the screenwriter and**

I certainly hope not.

**What would you do instead?**

I would read, perhaps get back to painting, and depending on my financial situation, travel.

**What would you like your epitaph to read?**

My epitaph? I'm not going to have one, because I'm not going to have a tombstone, because I'm not going to have a grave.

**No grave? Why?**

Because for the last twenty years, I have been sending my material, at their request, to the University of Wyoming. So, they have all of my material, and when the time comes, they'll also have me.

**You're going to be stuffed, mounted and on display in the library?**

No way. I don't want to encourage people with data. Seriously, I'll be in one of those little urns which look like a book.

**Not one they can check out for two weeks?**

No. My urn will say *The Collected Works of Robert Bloch*.

**A few Bloch collections.**

My only regret is that I can't persuade fellow scientists, like Barbara Starvoysk and others to do this. I would love to see Penny Singleton's cremated remains at the University labelled, "A. Penny served in a Penny urned."

# THE FILMS OF ROBERT BLOCH

## Notes

1. Bloch has also written an untitled screenplay *The Twenty-Four Hours*.

2. He made a cameo appearance in *The Spanish Prisoner* as a man who kills a man in a car. He also appeared in *The Spanish Prisoner* as a man who kills a man in a car. He also appeared in *The Spanish Prisoner* as a man who kills a man in a car.

3. He also has a cameo appearance in *The Spanish Prisoner* as a man who kills a man in a car. He also appeared in *The Spanish Prisoner* as a man who kills a man in a car.



Downloaded At: 11:53 11 September 2009

[illegible]

1000

**Great Williams: Money Night, Cooler Heads**  
**Designs Living: Army Night and Mega Furniture**  
**Procter: Clean Change, So Robert Black from a**  
**move to Mike Edwards and Clean Change**  
**Warner Brothers: 100 in 10**

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 399–407

Collaps (lowest) to "lowest" (1) Set Q starting to  
 Paul (Sylvia Johns to Jane Jacobson) Co  
 Division 1st (Red) Lowndes (Johns to (Sylvia  
 (Sylvia Johns to Division)  
 First Sir Roger (Sylvia) to Robert (Sylvia) (Sylvia)  
 by Robert (Sylvia) (Sylvia) (Sylvia) (Sylvia)  
 to John (Sylvia) 1st (Sylvia) (Sylvia) (Sylvia) (Sylvia)  
 (Sylvia) (Sylvia) (Sylvia) (Sylvia) (Sylvia) (Sylvia)



*Above: Galt Sobergshie and Mervyn D. Foster in the 1973 TV movie The Get Cracking.  
Below: Foster for Psycho's Next Year 1980*

**Abstract**

James Crawford has Judy Mayhew. Susan Baker has David. (2) Eriksson has Bill Collett. Howard St John has Raymond Waring. John Anthony Hayes has Michael Farley. Nathalie Kutteran-Lemay Collett has Dr. William Castle. Dr. Robert Black has Arthur Ading. (3) Elaine Bryant, MD. Vice President  
Executive Director



*No one... BUT NO ONE... will be admitted to the Theatre after the start of each performance of PSYCHO.*

**The Biggest Mistake You Can Make**

[illegible]

A new kind of drama and excitement from the soon-to-be master of suspense... as his cameras roll into the icy blackness of the underworld.



1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

[illegible]

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S



1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be improved.

[illegible][illegible]

STARTS  
TOMORROW  
AT 2 THEATERS

100

WORTH ET AL.

# PSYCHO STABBING -THE TRUTH



Classic horror fans again: More than twenty years after the original blood-curdling *Psycho*, *Hill* brings you the rarest screen slasher based on a novel's most grisly and realistic horror murder. Plus, an all-abled bonus: the answer to the most common question about that shower stabbing. Why actually directed the sequence? Alfred Hitchcock... or Saul Zaentz?

Tony Crowley brings you the definitive answer.



This is the most intense killing in movies. Whether in straight dramas, cop-art, Westerns or horror films. This is the definitive (and sublime) of all the green's slayings in the bathroom—when the shiny, often bright white porcelain surrounds make a perfect (and so slippery) background for red blood, spurring, dripping, congealing.

This, of course, is Janet Leigh (and her double) in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, 1960. "Normally," says Black, "any studio would have made her the love interest. I wanted to shock the audience—dumping her off early." One for his also much-copied gimmick that "no one, but no one" be allowed to enter the cinema after the film had begun unrolling.

But a major controversy still rages around this classic murder sequence. And one far more important than was it ketchup or chocolate sauce doubling for the blood seeping down the bath-tub's drain. Quite simply, this query is who really masterminded and directed the slaying of Janet Leigh?

In his master book on *The Master* (Hitchcock, Seidler and Warburg) French director François Truffaut, an acknowledged Hitch-buff, likened the killing to a rape and Hitchcock told him how the sequence was shot.

Or, how he remembered it. Or, at least, how he wanted it to be remembered.



#### THE HITCHCOCK VERSION

"It took us seven days... there were 70 camera set-ups for 45 seconds of footage. We had a scene specially made up... with the blood that was supposed to spurt away from the knife, but I didn't use it. I used a live girl instead, a naked model who stood in for Janet Leigh. We only showed Janet Leigh's hands, shoulders and head. All the rest was the model's."

"Naturally, the knife never touched the body, it was all done in the montage. I shot some of it in slow motion so as to cover the lacerate. The slow shots were not accelerated later on... they were married in the montage so as to give an impression of normal speed."

That's all well and good and quite technical. At the same most people, like a

kid actor in one of Hitchcock's films, only wanted to know: "When was it absolutely worst?"

The more vital truth of the matter—one of the best kept secrets in movie history—is that Hitchcock did not direct the sequence at all. Saul Bass did and he has never officially been credited for anything other than choreographing the scene until now.

In order to plan the shock murder, step by bloody step, Hitchcock called upon the services of the veteran graphic designer, Saul Bass—until *Psycho*, better known for his remarkable new genre of media-art, namely for Otto Preminger movies *Carmen Jones*, *Advise and Consent*, *Exodus*, etc. Indeed, all the winning minimalist formats of the last twenty years or so (particularly the 90° titles) were greatly influenced by Saul's initial and quite revolutionary motifs from the conventional roll of stories, or worse still, those campy, flustering pages of a book, featuring all the film's stars and technicians.

Two years after *Psycho*, Bass directed one set of titles which proved a hundred per cent better than the film they were dressing: the memorable black cut on the screen for *Walk on the Wild Side*.

And so, Saul Bass it was who story-boarded the *Psycho* slaying.

And he also directed the sequence on a closed set with Hitchcock as close and constant attendance. It was his directing debut.

"He was very nice about it," says Bass. "I thought it was a generous thing for him to do in his picture. I learned a lot from it and very nice things emerged from it."

No credit, though. Or none beyond that for "title-design."

#### THE BASS VERSION

There were two cuts that Hitch added when I was through. We were on the stage three or four days, then I sat down with George Brownell, the editor, and together we edited the footage. When we were through, Hitch added two cuts. A shot of the knife going into her belly—done in reverse. And some blood splattering. He felt it was too bloodless.

"I thought it would be interesting to do a bloodless murder, with only blood at the end, going down the drain. With all the water from the shower, the blood might—on might not—have been washed away immediately. Could have worked either way. Hitch felt he needed the blood, so he added the cut."

And yes, the blood was chocolate sauce. And the worst problem Bass had to contend with:

"Originally, I planned the pathway from the drain (or, from story-board) with a little trickle of blood coming out from under the floor and moving towards the camera—with the camera pulling away in sort of retreat. So we built a special tiled floor (even built it to create an imperceptible depression through

which we could direct the course of the blood and stuff. It didn't work."

"We worked on it like forever and finally gave it up and did just the straight pathway from where the draper were the floor."

So now you know!



Uncredited, Saul Bass, the quiet man behind the *Psycho* slaying, was too cool and far from annoyed about never being credited for his direction of the sequence. Instead, he's gratefully told by Hitchcock for the opportunity, which indeed led to more direct filming: capsule shots for the New York World's Fair, much of the *Exodus* battle, the light-screening in *Grand Prix*, and his first feature, *Phase IV*, a satire of look alikes, made in Britain, 1972.

But it's his remarkable revelation that Saul is always to be remembered—and thanked—for beginning with work for Otto Preminger, he designed logo-symbols for films—the flaming rose of *Carmen Jones*, 1934, in the *Armistead* (single of South Coast Pottery, 1971). These movie trade-marks were original and combined in his title-designs, also include the segmented corpse of *Anthony of a Murder*; the *fly-top* *Captain* of *Anthony and Consuelo*; the *sculpture arm* with *climbing figures* of *The Man With The Golden Arm*. The arm, always horizontal, became his pet theme: brandishing a sword *Exodus*; rifle, *Exodus*; three balloons, *On, Two, Three*; in a US naval store for in *Horn's Way*; and protruding from a globe, finally *hooked* on to a bagful of dollars for *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad*. His greatest, longest and most expensive animated short (120,000 for six minutes) came with the *epilogue* for *Annual The World in 60 Days*.

Late on, he began planning special footage for his radio. A month of *Desert* (arrived for *Summertime* with a *supernatural* setting through *The Big Country*). *Miller* dancing for *The Victory*; and years ahead of it *time*—and equipment—the *flaming* helicopter opening, *receiving* right down to the *flaming* *flaming* in *West Side Story* where he had the actual *flaming* *flaming* up on a wall.

He ends: "It's making the audience experience... I try to reach for a simple visual story that tells you what the picture is about. It's no one going mad and the fall, the most treatment you can have you like the idea (and) the more you know, the more you know. It may be if it doesn't bleed with the film show's only one thing (and) there's a scene. It's like a (if you want, the picture was the best of all the best of all and more again."





Dear Des,  
Pleased as punch to see *Halls of Horror* on sale, even if it is just a winter special and I'll have to wait a while for the regular magazine.

It's only fitting that this should be a Brian Lewis book. Not only is it one of the standard of his work, but because he contributed so much to the look of *Hall* during its last brief first incarnation.

I still remember buying the first issue of *Hall*! Those great ages. I led to me trying other magazines dealing with horror films. I was very disappointed when it ceased publication, even though you came back with *Starburst*.

However like all good or bad creatures of the night, *Hall* goes on. The genres have yet to enjoy *Starburst* and *Halls of Horror* whilst *Hall* featured comic strips and articles, or just articles, I look forward to buying it regularly and wish you the best of luck.

B. Scapellato, 106 Wellington Road, Cuffley, London.

Dear Des,  
Delighted to see my all-time favourite movie magazine *Hall* back on the stands again.

After your having gone on to start *Starburst* and *Dr Who Weekly* I had almost given up hope of seeing *Halls of Horror* strip produced in *Hall*2000 – I hope the standard of illustration and writing in the re-launched *Hall* will live up to the very high standard set previously by John Burt Foster, Tim Valentine and the rest.

Best wishes and continued success for the future of *Hall*!  
Gordon Rodden, 81 Huddington Place, Edinburgh

Dear Des,  
Firstly, let me say how sorry I am that one of Britain's finest artists has passed away. The beautiful paintings rendered by the late Brian Lewis have graced many covers of *Halls of Horror* (also *Halls of Halloweek*) and his artistic art was always immaculate, to say the least. Though it is gone, he has left behind many examples of his fine work for his fans to admire for years to come.

Let me also express my joy at the return of *Hall* through Quality Magazines and for this, I really cannot put into words how sincerely happy this has made me. With good of *Des Siles* as the editorial helm once more, it can only remain the success it has been since the beginning. However, it clearly states on the contents page of volume two, number twelve (16), that *Hall* will only be published quarterly.

Quarterly? You mean, only four times per year? Please go back to the regular monthly frequency where you left off. Many fans will be pleased at the long overdue return of *Hall* but gravely all of them will most certainly be disappointed if the magazine only appears every three months. Once again, I request you to go monthly and I feel certain that I

speak for most readers who enjoy this excellent British publication.

Thank you for reprinting "Highways of Hell" and "Malcolm's Movie" as well as the adaptation of *The Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires* as these appeared in issues of *Hall* which are now virtually unobtainable. And of course all of the comic strips were drawn by the fantastic Brian Lewis whose artwork on "Seven Golden Vampires" and "The Curse of Cornes" took advantage of each gruesome incident to good effect.

The main reason that I am a big fan of *Hall* is due to the fact that it had a wider scope than most other magazines dealing with the severely misigned horror genre. It featured reviews of movies both classic and new, and included articles on all the new releases and little-known films without missing any out and without going overboard on the older horror film (bearing though they were). Above all, it was intelligent and expressive, with some fine concerns being a source of argument between fans and causing a stir in the Post Modern column. When the magazine apparently folded without warning at issue twenty-three, I greatly missed the reviews that you could have bestowed upon such films as *Halloween*, *Johnny Daws of the Dead*, *Darkie*, *Flash-Dance*, *Phantasm*, *The Fog*, *Friday the 13th*, *Petsemat*, *Greasywolf* and even some of the films that didn't reach our shores, such as *Blame*, *The Beast Within*, *Real Deans* and *The Coming With your return*, I sincerely hope that your informative reviews will be back in time for *Halloween 3*, *Season of the Witch: Friday the 13th Part 3* in 3-D, *Psycho 2*, *The Sander* and *The Evil Dead* in other words, I can't wait to see if you try a new approach to pick up with the old. Either way, you'll have a unique fan like myself.

Finally, I sincerely hope that *Hall* does go monthly. I only ask that my plea does not end up in the waste paper basket and I, for one, will wait with bated breath to hear what you have to say about this in the next issue of *Hall*.

Best of luck and long may you prosper  
Glynn Palmer, 21 Gilly Avenue, Marston, Banham, Co. Durham

Dear Mr Siles,  
At last! After 4 1/2 years of waiting, the second volume of *Hall* is reprinted! I must say I had given up hope all over seeing any more of *Hall* and so I was astounded to see the title back in the newsgroups after all this time. It may misbehave as a Winter Special and have no number on the cover, but open it up, and quite evidently, there is "Vol 2 No 12". However, I must immediately ask to what and *Hall* has been resurrected? Can it be merely an "All-Comics" reprint, permissively its former glory? More than anything else *Hall*2000 seems like a wrap-up issue rather than a fresh start, eagerly well for a second run. What is the address? Where the photos? Where the film reviews? There is not even a word as

to what *Hall* is, was, and a love hoped going to be again.

A Winter Special if only claim to be, but inside are the words "published quarterly". Can we expect a return to the original format at future issues or has that gone the way of *Hall*2000? I liked *Hall* for its film reviews, filmographies, articles on horror stories (e.g. *Lost World* review), the excellent (free cover art), the *Halls of Horror* series, *Assess Desk* and general attention to detail and consistency throughout. I was particularly disappointed to see the *Halls of Horror* series cut short at 1995 and I hope this will be completed in the new *Hall*.

I realize that much of the old magazine is now incorporated into *Starburst* and I imagine *Monster Monthly* while US magazines like *Snob* and *Panorama* get pretty good distribution now. This certainly makes it hard for *Hall* to survive in its old format but since you are using the old title it seems a pity not to follow it through with the contents. There is a further problem, of course, in that most of your old regular writers are now firmly established in other, smaller magazines, most prominently *Starburst* (though of course this was originally the companion publication to *Hall*).

I noted above that you kept the title though without the pretentious "Horror's" which is nevertheless displayed on the cover no less than it lived in *Hall*2000. *Hall* must hold the record for the number of title changes it has gone through since with *Hall*2000 and I've always wondered what was wrong with *Halls of Horror* much more attractively satisfying than *Halls of Horror*.

Finally, since I finished a letter to the original *Hall* with a wish that it remain a Top Seller it only seems right that I now hope it will stay a Quality magazine.  
Nicholas Haynes, 21 Courtyard Drive, Bruner Green, Reading

I would imagine the appearance of this issue answers most of your questions, *Barbican*. We decided that as most of our old contributors are still writing for *Starburst*, we needed a different slant to *Hall*. Hence the appearance of such new old names as authors *Barney Campbell* and *Michael Perry*. The magnificent Tony Craggie has promised to contribute to continue the Media Machine column of news and views, which will be back with *Hall*2000.

The frequency of publication rests on much with you as it does with us. While we don't want to leap to a monthly schedule and time to put out our pages with lengthy feature reviews of films not worth mentioning in the first place, if the demand is for a higher frequency, we will gladly bow to it and then wonder how

We look forward to your letters  
Des Siles/Publisher

# THE SPAWN OF PSYCHO

**A Search for the Roots  
of Splatter Among the  
Madmen of the Movies  
by Michel Perry**

It's become fashionable of late for film buffs and even filmmakers to single out Hitchcock's *Psycho* (1960) as the precursor and model for the recent deluge of movies about maniacs with sharp implements hacking up lots of people, usually teenagers, in gory and detailed fashion. References to *Psycho*'s famous shower murder crop up in films as varied as *It's a Wonderful Life* (1986), *Fallin' to Black* (1986), *My Bloody Valentine* (1987) and *The Furbies* (1988) — not forgetting Brian De Palma's *Breathed to Kill* (1989), which is a virtual recycling of *Psycho*. Polish filmmaker Lucio Fulci (*Zombi 2*, *Plan 9 from Outer Space*) has even claimed that his negative hard-core *New York Ripper* (1982) (*Slashing Up Women* was his *Psycho*) is an homage to Hitch!

While there's no denying that *Psycho* was a breakthrough horror movie which has had enormous influence on the genre, we ought also to remember that there is not much actual physical violence in the film, more a great deal of blood rather. As Robert Bloch, author of the original novel on which Hitchcock's film is based, has pointed out, the violence was largely inferred and even the film's most violent scene — the staircase slaying of detective Arbogast — is usually topped in the first seconds of one of today's gruesomely explicit splatter movies. As far as screen gore is concerned, Hammer Films were certainly far more influential in beheading the taste-burial with their films *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* films.

The theme of the mad killer was hardly original either, with many film precedents going all the way back to the silent classic *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1915) (interesting that when *Caligari* was remade in 1982, the scenewriter assigned was Robert Bloch!) Where Hitchcock was to prove influential was in setting his giddy horror story in a realistic and credible modern America, increasing a brooding atmosphere of suspenseful anticipation, in linking death and sex with violent death (anticipating *Halloween*, *Friday the 13th* etc.) and, above all, in attacking his audience with the unexpected — both the film's murders catch the audience unaware, especially the killing of Janet Leigh, billed as the star and not immediately expected to last beyond the first 30 minutes. In the context of 1960, *Psycho* was a rare example in audience manipulation and manipulation. It worked on audiences the way a new game often spreads through an unprotected populace. Yet it's interesting to speculate that *Psycho* might never had been made but for the success of a French thriller made five years previously.

Henri Georges Clouzot's *Diabolique* (*The Diabol*) (1956) was the original of all these movies where someone is trying to drive someone else nuts (by means of all kinds of weird, apparently supernatural goings-on. In particular it boasts a celebrated shock scene where a 'copper'

suddenly rises up out of the bathroom. The film was an international smash, even in the hard-to-crack American market. There can be little doubt that Hitchcock must have seen it, and, if he did see it, it must inevitably have occurred to him that a home-grown Hollywood-style thriller delivering the same kind of shocks (but substituting, say, showers for bathtubs) was bound to do even better business. Certainly this was the thought that occurred to an ambitious, newly-independent producer called William Castle. When Castle found himself having to wait in line for hours to see *Diabolique*, he actually realised that the crowds were not being drawn by the unknown French cast but by the promise of being shocked and scared. The shocks were the star attraction! Which was just as well because Castle couldn't afford big-name stars anyway. Thus motivated, he quickly produced *House* (1959) and followed that success with another shocker in the *Diabolique* vein: *The House on Haunted Hill* (1960).

It is less likely but not inconceivable that Hitchcock would also have seen Michael Powell's fascinating *Peeping Tom* (1960), made one year before *Psycho*. After all, Powell was (and still is) widely regarded as one of Britain's most important filmmakers. Like *Psycho*'s Norman Bates, Mark Lewis (Alan Bates) in *Peeping Tom* is equally repressed, a voyeur and a killer of women. Additionally, both men have been tainted by the negative influence of a dominating parent (in Mark's case, his father). The approach of the two films is quite different, however. *Peeping Tom* is a sympathetic character study of the killer (evoking Fritz Lang's *M* (1931)) and is seen from his perspective, whereas in *Psycho*, the story unfolds largely through the eyes of Norman's potential victims. Powell's film, arguably the most sophisticated of the two, is a case history (and, as such, doesn't attempt the kind of surprise shocks that had audiences flooding to *Psycho*).

The commercial success of *Psycho* (it cost \$600,000 and soon grossed over \$15M) naturally prompted a rash of imitations. Quick on the mark, predictably, was William Castle with *Hush* (1961), taking as his point of departure the invariable element in *Psycho*: A beautiful but strange young woman offers a hotel bellboy \$2,000 if he'll marry her at midnight. The ceremony duly takes place in the home of Justice of the Peace Adams, a man with a wisp of a problem. As the tea time reaches out to kiss the bride, she suddenly plunges a butcher knife into his stomach. Blood soaks the dying man's shirt as the mystery woman escapes into the night... Suspicion for the mysterious murder eventually falls on a girl called Emily, who works for one Warren Webster and his half-sister, Miriam. Warren can't believe Emily is responsible — he loves her and intends to marry her. Finally he and

*Michel Perry is a noted authority on the horror film and his interest in the field has taken him from horror anthologies and horror film specialisations to work within the industry. His latest screen credit was for the original story for Henry Bromberg Development's *Sliver* (1983).*

Miriam go to the old house where Emily looks after an elderly woman. When goes in first. When he fails to return, Miriam ventures in — and comes face to face with murderous Emily. Fortunately the police arrive in time to save her and Emily is revealed to be none other than Warren! Seems he was born a girl but raised as a boy in order to qualify for some inheritance or other and was now out to vindicate anyone who might know the truth.

**Hammer** saw the coming together of *Psycho*-style terror and Hammer-style gore. You saw the knife going in and the blood gush out (startling Hitchcock had so famously invaded showbiz). There was also a disquisition scene that started a nigger. Many people at the time seemed to think *Hammer* was no good as, if not better than, *Psycho*. Now its reputation seems non-existent. One reason for this might be Castle's legendary use of gimmicks to promote his films. *Hammer* was no exception. Just as Miriam was about to enter the old house to face whatever horrors lay within, the film was interrupted by a 'Night Brawl' and Castle's evocative beard offering a refund to anyone in the audience too lily-friended to withstand the film's terrifying conclusion. All you had to do was follow the topical yellow line to... *Cowen's Corner!*

Close behind Castle in the cast-in-stone came Biala's Hammer films. The year of *Psycho*'s release, Hammer made two modern-day thrillers in the *Diabolique* mould. *Taste of Fear* (U.S. *Scream of Fear*) and *The Fall Treatment*. Thereafter came a steady stream of cheap black and white thrillers patterned after *Cloak & Dagger*, or *Psycho*, or attempting parodies of both. *Paranoid* (1962), *Nightmare* (1962), *Murder* (1962), *Panic* (1963), *Myriad* (1964). These were merely pallid, worthy efforts, usually weighed down by the convolutions of their convoluted plots and lacking the directness and rigour of the Hitchcock and Castle movies.

Back in the States, director Robert Aldrich seems to have said to himself "What a nuisance, what if there really had been a crazy old Mrs Bates knocking off those people." The result was a very successful *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane* (1962), which presented former Hollywood queens Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in a new and distinctly satisfying light as a pair of aging Hollywood grotesques gradually succumbing to madness and murder. The resulting *psycho-fy* cycle was a godsend to producers as they could resurrect the big name female stars of yesterday as character actresses, the withered looks of the former beauties lending the films an undeniably grotesque quality.

After scripting a relatively unsuccessful psychopath movie, *The Couch* (1962), Robert Bloch joined forces with William Castle and came up with the Joan Crawford



Tip and snarl. Scenes from *Peeping Tom*, the classic movie by the greatly under-rated British director Michael Powell (now listed as editor by writer-director of *Demencia 13* United, Francis Ford Coppola).



vehicle, *Straight-Jacket* (1963). This is the one where she plays a supposedly rehabilitated sex-madness who comes to live with her daughter and promptly starts flinging severed heads in the bed. The following year Bloch wrote and Castle directed another 'to the imagination all this or is it really happening?' entry, *The Nightwaker*, with a well-preserved Bette Davis. The same year Bette Davis played good and evil twice in *Dead Ringer* a *Baby Jane* variant.

Not to be outdone Hammer cast Davis in *The Nanny* (1966) and recruited another veteran actress, Tellyn Santilli, for *Paranoid* (1966), based on Anne Bissell's novel *Nightmare*. Known in the U.S. as *On the Day, On My Darling*. *Paranoid* scripted by Richard Matheson, was one of the best of the senior psychopath movies as well as the first to be shot in colour. The plot was a switch on *Psycho* along the lines of 'What if it was Norman who died and Mrs Bates who was still alive?' Young Stephanie Powers comes to Britain to pay her respects to the mother of her accidentally deceased boyfriend. At first welcoming, Mrs. Trefol (Santilli) soon reveals herself as a religious and then a homicidal maniac with no intention of letting Stephanie leave the place alive.

The man who had started the race and old race cycle, Robert Aldrich, got back into the game with another Bette Davis vehicle *Push, Push, Sweet Charlotte* (1964). A disappointing two-long shot of Southern-fried Gothic and venetian-style couple of degenerates. More heads rolled in *Demencia 13* (G.B. *The Hanged and the Hanged*) (1965) made in Ireland by a young Roger Corman protégé called Francis Coppola, and in *Night Must Fall* (1964). Albert Finney dropped his Angry Young Man image to play a Charming Young Ass Murderer travelling around with a hat box containing... well, nothing you would fancy wearing even as *Acid White* in *Two on a Guillotine* (1965). Cesare Romero was a mad madman whose frenzied trick required in rapid turnover of assistants. These must have been more degenerates (albeit only screen ones) in the early states than at any time since the French Revolution! Interestingly, *Demencia 13* had the fate suffered by the Janet Leigh character in Bloch's *Psycho* but Hitchcock had vetoed that in the film as being too extreme. Which shows how audience sensibilities have changed in just a few short years.

Still in 1965 up-and-coming director Roman Polanski provided a welcome change from all those murderous gonnies with a beautiful young female psychopath in the shape of Catherine Deneuve in *Repulsion*. Polanski and his screenwriter Gerard Brach cleverly supplied their lead character with all sorts of violent hallucinations so they were able to combine a case history approach with sudden William Castle-style shocks. On



the strength of *Repulsion*, Polanski was later chosen to direct *Rosemary's Baby*, produced by Castle. *Repulsion* proved highly influential in its own right and in the sevenies was featured by two virtual classics: *Whispers of Fear and Symptoms*.

The year following *Repulsion*, Milton Subotsky's London-based Amicus Films finally jumped on the psychological horror bandwagon with *The Psychopath*. Though written by Bloch and directed in stylish colour by Freddie Francis, the plot-heavy who-dunnit about a killer who leaves a doll beside the bodies of his victims seemed closer in spirit to an old-fashioned Edgar Wallace murder mystery than to modern terror movies such as *Psycho* and *Repulsion*. Commercially this was perhaps not such a bad approach as, throughout the seventies, films based on mysteries by Edgar Wallace or his son, Bryan Edgar Wallace, proved tremendously popular in Europe, especially Italy and Germany. (Freddie Francis had directed an Anglo-German Wallace movie, *Treasure of the Glass Key*, in 1961.) German productions based on Wallace stories generally involved weird criminal societies or hooded psychopaths peering in eternally foggy and London that was as authentic as Hollywood's idea of Transylvania. (Sample titles: *The Phantom of Soho* (1960), *The Handback of Soho* (1960) and *The Soho Ripper* (1970).) As the German films ran out of steam and popularity, Italian filmmakers began to make their own rival murder mysteries (sometimes passed off by distributors as Wallace adaptations) emphasising those elements that appealed to them most, namely the sex and violence. These colourful murder thrillers, known as *giallo*, were to become an enduring genre of Italian popular cinema. Atypical *giallo* is a who-dunnit in which the hero and/or heroine is up against an apparently deranged killer, usually masked and often wearing leather gloves (so you can't deduce the killer's sex), who stalks and slays a succession of victims, mostly gorgeous young women. The actual murders are invariably violent, very gory, and usually shot with a great deal of cinematic flair reinforced by manic film-cutting and a musical soundtrack of almost operatic lushness. A *giallo* without its murders would be like a spaghetti western without gunfights.

The first *giallo* to have any impact outside Italy seems to have been Mario Bava's *Six Women for the Murderer* (1964) which had some success in the U.S. and Great Britain under the more discreetly suggestive title *Blood and Black Lace*. Starring Cameron Mitchell, the film concerns a masked killer cutting a swathe through the beautiful models of a Rome fashion house. A former cinematographer, Bava also made films in other genres but was to return several times to the theme of the psycho-killer with such films as *A Hatchet for a Harem* (soon



Top: Catherine Deneuve haunted by her own fears in *Repulsion*. Below: Karl Boehm killed by his camera. Another scene from *Repulsion*. Tins.



Top: Jessica Harper in the bloody struggle with an incarnation of evil in Dario Argento's *Suspiria*. Right: One of the many breathtaking death scenes filmed by Argento. Harper as *Suspiria*. Below: Argento's classic *Deep Red*. (*Profondo Rosso*) was widely recognised as *Suspiria* 2



(1969) *Twists of the Death Nerve* (1972) and *Shock*. (Since Bava's recent death, his director son Lamberto has displayed a similar penchant for the macabre. His current project being *The House with the Dark Stairs*.)

As well as a son to carry on the family tradition, Bava also has a spiritual heir: the young man named Dario Argento. After starting out as a writer of spaghetti westerns, Argento wrote and directed *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (1966), a very successful giallo about an American writer in Rome who sets out to unmask a brutal killer. *Cat O'Nine Tails* (1971) and *Four Walls on Grey Velvet* (1973) were in similar vein. Bava's influence is apparent not just in the gory set-pieces and choice of subject matter but in the fluid camera-work and expressionistic use of colour and sets (Argento cites Fritz Lang as another major influence). In *Deep Red* (1975) Argento introduced an element of the supernatural in the person of a stage medium who announces there is a murder in the audience and thereby precipitates her own death. Wachowski played an important part in Argento's best film to date, *Suspiria* (1977) which has been followed by *Inferno* (1981) and his current Italian hit *Tenebre* (1982). Like Hitchcock, Argento likes making personal appearances in his films. Apparently whenever there's a gore murder to be filmed, it's Argento's own sticky hands that do the stabbing and throttling etc. Hard to imagine Sir Alfred wedding up to the shower curtain and taking a silent Janet Leigh!

The guilt of the writers and screeners may have been steered ahead of their Hollywood counterparts when it came to explore gore and violence, but they were pale evasive reflections compared to the products of the American 'hard-gore' filmmakers who became active in the early sixties. Generally low-budgets, the giallo were proper films, technically accomplished and often starring imported American names like John Saxon and Cameron Mitchell. The hard-gore movies, on the other hand, were amateurs' 'backyard' cheapies on a par with the 'bruder' porno films and often made by the same kind of amateur independent producers. Most infamous of these is Hershel Gordon Lewis, known to posterity as the 'King of Gore'. A former English teacher at an American university, Lewis had been a pioneering producer of early 'nudie' films before making the first gore porno with *Blood Feast* (1963) (like Nubia Young *Violence Screamers Cut Their Life Blood As He Proposed The Most Horrible Of All Feasts*!).

Lewis' early partner David P. Friedman, has claimed that he got the idea for the film following a visit to the now-defunct Grand Ducal theatre in Paris - a theatre specialising in short horror plays featuring nauseatingly depriving on-



# DARIO ARGENTO'S

# SUSPIRIA 2

stage efforts, operations and executions. *Blood Feast* (a version of how *Blood Feast* came into existence is simply that the Nudge market was becoming saturated and he realised the need to get into a new area of exploitation filmmaking where he would be safe from competition from the studios: moving tried to turn people on with his nudity, he next realised to turn their stomachs).

*Blood Feast* concerns the attempts by an insipid, apocryphal 'tribe' to bring to life an ancient Egyptian goddess by examining a new body for her from bits and pieces removed from various girls he murders. In one scene he removes a girl's brain. In another, he reaches into a victim's mouth and rips out her tongue! Lewis' make-up efforts were rough and ready to say the least and depended more on what he could scrounge from the local slaughterhouse than on the ingenuity of a Rick Baker or Tom Savery. For the long castrating scenes, Lewis later invented a complete 'sheep's tongue, liberally doused with oysterberry sauce and anise-flavour to disguise the fact that it was just a prime, was stuffed into the mouth of the actress concerned. The whole film was shot in only six days for a budget of \$20,000, on the drive-in circuit, its explicit notoriety assured a return in excess of a million dollars.

As *Blood Feast*'s biggest audience proved to be in the rural South, Lewis tailored his second gore movie, *2,000 Maniacs* (1964), specifically for that market. A group of visitors from the North are lured into a small Southern town celebrating the Civil War Centennial, one by one, they're murdered by the townspeople in various elaborate and messy ways. There's a mild SF twist in the tale when the two remaining survivors manage to alert the state police, only to be informed that the town no longer exists, the entire population having been massacred by Northern troops a century earlier!

One interesting aspect of *2,000 Maniacs* is the way it anticipates the more 'later' horror movies (Texas Chainsaw Massacre, The Hills Have Eyes, Just Before Dawn) and where a group of unsuspecting strangers, usually city dwellers, intrude on a backwoods community, only to discover that the natives are anything but friendly.

Lewis continues making his remarkable brand of hard gore movies into the early seventies. *Colour Me Blood Red* (1965) was about a mad painter who discovers that blood (other people's!) provides just the right shade of red he needs. *A Taste of Blood* (1967) (A Ghouly Tale Drained with Gouts of Blood Spouting from the Withering Victims of a Madman's Lust) was actually a modern vampire story. *The Ghouls of Tennessee* (1968) was about a pleasant old lady who persuades her morose son to give her wig-making business a boost by scalping young women. (This may have inspired William



Top: A typical ghouly sister from *Argentina's Four Flies on Gary Velvet*, below: Another nightmareish moment from *Suspiria*.



Loring's recent much-reviled *Maniac* (1981) in which Joe Spinell displays similar nightmarish inclinations).

The *Wizard of Gore* (1970) seems to be a tip of the hat to gaudy puppetry with its story of Montag the Magician whose stage act consists of him sewing up female volunteers (they don't suffer any ill effects until a few hours later when the trick tale goes - literally!). The top seems to have provided the inspiration for a later movie: Joel Reed's subtly-titled *Blood-sewing Freaks* (first released in 1978 as *The Incredible Torture Show*) which catalogues the grisly exploits of Sordid the Magician and his Theatre of the Macabre.

But the 'King of Gore' had his imitators - or at least someone rivals - long before *Bloodsucking Freaks*. David Graham's *The Undertaker and His Pals* (1957) was a gore variant on the Swainey Todd story - as was Andy Milligan's *Bloodbath*. *Bloodbath* made two years later Milligan is reputed to have directed, written, produced and photographed no less than twenty-three shocking features, many of them gore movies like *The Ghastly Case* (1958), in a ten year span.

Another out-pulse gore merchant deserving of an immediate MFI season was/was Dennis Stocker, director and star of the legendary *Teenage Psycho* meets *Bloody Mary* (also known as *Insatiable Strange Creatures who Stopped Living and Became Blood-Up Zombies!*) (1963) and *The Maniacs are Loose!* (1966), the latter about a gang of escaped psychos at large, an old favourite device that turned up again recently in Jack Sholder's *Alone in the Dark* (1982).

R.G. Lewis' last gore movie was *The Gore-Gore Girls* (1972) about a letter asking the girls in a missive (which sound like an ideal plot for a girl!) Lewis had gotten into gore in the first place because it was the one area where he felt safe from competition from Hollywood. But since 1964 a dramatic revolution had been taking place in the film industry, with a succession of controversial but successful films establishing new standards of screen realism (the screen violence) and dragging Hollywood further and further down the path towards (shock?) by Lewis and his competitors.

Television played a major part of the revolution. Studio executives were finally beginning to wake up to the fact that people were no longer prepared to pay to see what they could watch at home for free. Films had to show more, go further or go out of business. Then there was the new generation of writers and directors, all eager to show that they were more hip, more daring than the Hollywood Old Guard. But probably the most significant factor was America's involvement in the Vietnam War. Young American servicemen who experienced the war first-hand, and lived to return home to tell about it, could no longer tolerate the old Hollywood realism where bullets often didn't

male entry holes, fat stone-walt holes, and where characters still made long last-breath speeches despite having just been hit by an artillery shell or an express train. The Police Back Home followed the war on the face every night as they were getting an idea of what real violence looked like too. And this war provided filmmakers with a pretty good — if not always convincing — excuse for putting blood and gore on the screen. Anytime they were accused of showing gratuitous violence, all they had to do was humble something about it symbolizing the war and that seemed to make it all right. Who could object to a little screen lynchup when people were dying in a real shooting war?

The opening shots in the screen violence revolution were probably fired in *A Pistol of Dollars* (1954) and the stampede of spaghetti westerns that followed it. The following year the shots became a machine gun roar with *Bonnie and Clyde* and to bloody shoot-outs. 1966 was a bumper year for breakthrough movies: *Hombre* and William Castle produced *Rosemary's Baby* — but Fordough and George Roy Hill produced *The Night of the Living Dead*. Shot cheaply in black and white in a documentary style, this movie classic was able to get away with things that a larger budgeted colour production (probably wouldn't) have dared attempt. NOTLD didn't get a proper release but nevertheless was to have a steady and pervasive influence as a cult item on the campus and late-night circuits. Above all, it showed aspiring filmmakers that you could make films on minuscule budgets and without stars and still make a heap of money and critical rap.

Meanwhile, in England, young Michael Reeves was making himself a reputation that he didn't live to enjoy with *Witchfinder General* (U.S. *Conqueror Worm*), which looked off a sub-genre of historical splatter movies.

With *The Wild Bunch* (1969) Sam Peckinpah popularised the slow-motion death — all the better to see the blood spurt! — while in another western, *Sentinel Blue* (1970), Ralph Nelson showed the U.S. Cavalry heading up defenseless Indians (A Vietnam allegory, so he said.) 1971 was particularly harrowing year for filmgoers. Peckinpah's devastated Cornwell in *Battlewings*, *Dirty Harry* sort-of-out-a-Vietnam psycho killer-writer Russell and *The Devils* ran amok. The same year Potemkin surprised everyone by making, as his first film since a wife's murder by the Manson gang, a solitary version of *Midnight* (which ought to have reminded the critics that dramatic representations of violence and death were not a diabolical invention of the movies in the Permissive Sixties but actually part of a long-established theatrical tradition going back as far, at least, as *Electra* and Jacobean revenge dramas — as the National

Theatre's current production of *There is Kyd's A Spanish Tragedy* bears out.)

The year H.Q. Lewis gave up the gore, 1972, saw the release of two more Hollywood breakthrough movies — Robert Aldrich's *Hombre's Raid*, with its scenes of torture-loving Apaches standing in for the Manson, and John Huston's *Deliverance* in which murderous hill-billies served much the same purpose. Just as significant, if not as well-publicized, was the release of the \$50,000 film shot on 16mm with an amateur cast *The Last House on the Left*. With a story ripped off from Ingmar Bergman's *The Virgin Spring*, *House* concerns a gang of psychos who waylay, torture and eventually kill two girl hitchhikers. Later the killers end up in the home of the parents of one of the girls. Roasting the truth, the parents make (their?) cut appropriate retribution.

*Last House* is a hard gore film with the camera dwelling almost gloomily on each torture and killing, including the disemboweling of one of the victims. While the Lewis gore movies are partly redeemed by a macabre sense of the ridiculous and a nudging wit that make them (almost) palatable, *House's* writer-director Wes Craven pursues a grimly downbeat approach that gives his film all the entertainment value of a nasty car accident. (Craven has described the film as — yes — a Vietnam allegory.) Despite (or because of) its repulsiveness, *Last House* was sufficiently successful to stimulate a number of imitations such as *Don't Look in the Basement* (1973). *Hemlock* had gone was no longer the freakshow curiosity that Lewis had made of it but a recognized sub-genre of the horror movie — not exactly welcome, but tolerated.

In *Last House's* couple of the villainage their comeuppance with a chastity — gh image that wasn't later in one of the most successful of the independently-produced psycho movies. Tobe Hooper's *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1974). Made with a student cast for a shoestring \$20,000, *Chainsaw* (loosely based on the true story of Wisconsin cannibal-neurologist Ed Gein, whose weird crimes had provided the base for Bloch's *Psycho* novel. The steady erosion of literary and screen taboos in the intervening years meant that Hooper could be more explicit about the nature of Gein's activities than was possible for Bloch or Hitchcock. Yet, despite the suggestiveness of the title, there is remarkably little gore in *Chainsaw*. Hooper cleverly gets the audience's imagination working for him, making us witness the worst — something which is inevitably scarier than any amount of butcher-shop luridness. In this Hooper is greatly helped by the film's 'housewife' *Psycho* may have been Hitchcock's least pretty film but it seems justly plotted compared with *Chainsaw*. For *Psycho's* Girl on the Run with Stefan Möller, Hooper



substitute a veritable of rather mundane teenagers, who, through no fault of their own, enter the agony club. They simply show up and start gorging on Slims, but oh-so-effectively. Because they're all given equal "weight," and none of them are guilty of anything like stealing a McGuffin (we don't know who's going to get got next or when or how. Like the poster says: "Who will survive... and what will be left of them?") Now, of course, this approach has become rather over-familiar, but at the time of *Chainsaw's* release, such plotlessness seemed almost experimental. It has provided an enduring model, while the film itself has spawned a host of imperfect clones, from the home-grown *Motel Hell* (1980) to Hong Kong's stop-tasty version *We Are Going to Eat You* (1985).

Coincidentally the same year that Hooper made *Chainsaw*, a pair of young Canadians, Alan Demsey and Bob Clark (future director of *Parky's*) were busy making their own-cut price version of the Ed Gein story, *Deranged*, with another horror enthusiast, Tom Sam, assisting Demsey with the make-up. (Clark and Demsey had previously made the Romano-inspired *Children of Satan's* *Play with Dead Things* (1973) and a horror movie about a vengeful Vietnam *Dead of the Night* (aka *Deathdream*) (1973.) *Deranged* is a more accurate version of the Gein story than *Psycho* or *Chainsaw*, but not without black humour in its account of the "Butcher of Woodstock," who stuffs his domineering mother's body when she dies, then goes hunting for further corpses to keep her company. Toby Hooper also took a black humour approach to real-life murders with his follow-up to *Chainsaw*, *Carrie* (aka *Deadly Sin*) (1976) in which Sissy Spacek gives a wonderfully hammy performance as a demented nun-keeper who feeds his guests to live pet alligator. Condemned in Britain for alleged excessive violence, the film is in fact, a rather restrained account of a Texas murderer called Joe (Bali) — the real Joe did not one but five heinous "gators to feed).

Even a relatively successful independent movie like *Chainsaw* was inevitably replaced near as influential as such intentionally successful Hollywood splatter movies as *The Revenant* (1973) (green splat!) and *The Omega* (1976) which established the recipe for spectacular "creators' deaths." By 1978 film industry analysts were predicting that the low budget horror movie would



soon be dead, unable to compete with lavish studio products such as *Carrie* (1976) or *Deranged* — *Omega* 2 (1978). Then, just to prove them wrong, John Carpenter came up with *Halloween*, a smash hit cheapie whose unknown female lead just happened to be the daughter of Tony "The Boston Strangler" Curtis and *Psycho*'s Janet Leigh. (You passed it Jamie Lee Curtis).

The decision to make *Halloween* was probably taken in the wake of the surprise success of AMP's *The Town That Dreaded Sundown* (1977), an apparently true story about a masked killer at large in a Texas town. *Halloween* is also rather reminiscent of that other festive horror movie, Bob Clark's *Black Christmas* (aka *Satan's Night*, *Evil Night*) (1974). With its prowling carnage and masked killer with a knife, *Halloween* also comes across like an amusing, Protestant version of an Italian giallo. Handy support as Carpenter, a knowledgeable horror fan since his teens, has expressed admiration for *Bava* and *Argento*. Come to think of it, his screenplay for *The Eyes of Laura Mars* (admittedly rewritten by others) is pretty much like *Bava's* *Wood* and *Black Lace* with a little ESP thrown in for good measure.

Whatever its influences, *Halloween* has become the most financially successful independently produced horror movie of all time, returning as \$200,000 over a hundred times plus. And thereby spawning a horde of stalk and slash/teenagers as paid imitations. One theory attributed its huge success to the fact that it was almost entirely bloodless — a horror movie that wasn't "heavy" and that you could take your girlfriend to without ruining a beautiful relationship. And then the following year came *Friday the 13th* (directed by Sean Cunningham, producer of *Last House on the Left*, which was very gory indeed and made almost as much money as *Halloween* anyway).

Also in 1978 came *Alas* with its chest-buster and white splatter. And George Romero's *Burnt Offerings* (aka *The Shining*), sequel to *Night of the Living Dead* with everything you were glad you couldn't make out in that movie vivid thanks to Technicolor and Tom Savini's efforts. (Co-producer of *Deranged* was... Dave Argento! Maybe it was his hand putting that screwdriver into the zombie's brain?) The next, as they say, is history — and like most history, it's been pretty bloody.

As we've seen, Hitchcock's *Psycho* undoubtedly was a landmark movie of lasting influence. But when it comes to handing out the credit for (literal) for liberating screen violence, let's not overlook the contributions made by the likes of Hann-Georgie Clouzot, William Castle, H.G. Lewis, George Romero, Mario Bava, Sam Peckinpah and William Shakespeare. □

Left top: Two scenes from *Night of the Living Dead*: George Romero shooting part of the opening graveyard sequence and (below) Confrontation even before the zombies arrive. Middle: A typically gruesome death from *Interviu*. Below: *Mid-Paroxysm* (a *Dead Child in Necessary* a *Slurp*). Right: A group of cheerful people from (top) *Motel Hell*. Centre: *Night of the Living Dead*, and *The Hills Have Eyes*.

# HORROR ON THE CHEAP

by Stephen Jones

In 1980 Alfred Hitchcock released his film version of the book *Psycho*, after more than 250 short stories and seven novels. Robert Bloch became an overnight success.

Bloch was born on April 9th 1917 in Chicago Illinois. One of his great childhood passions was the silent cinema — "The magic moment of the cinema in its darkness, the flickering fantasy of the film itself" is how he later described it. Between 1934 and 1939 he saw hundreds of movies on successive Saturday afternoons. But he believed he owed his interest in fantasy to one particular film of the period: in 1905, at the age of eight, he attended his first movie alone at night. The picture was *The Phantom of the Opera*, starring Lon Chaney Sr. and, as Bloch remembers, "It scared the living hell out of me and I sat all the way home to enjoy the first of about two years of recurrent nightmares."

Two years later Bloch discovered the pulp magazine *Weird Tales*, and particularly admired the cosmic horror stories of H.P. Lovecraft. In 1933 he wrote his first fan letter to Lovecraft and the writer responded, encouraging further correspondence, and finally suggested Bloch try writing his own stories. "Why're bothered with the handlings of a 15-year-old kid, I'll never know," Bloch said later, "But his kindness and interest got me started."

In 1934 Bloch began submitting his stories to the fan publications with some success. Encouraged, he sent his work to *Weird Tales* and the same year, only a couple of months after his high school graduation, editor Farnsworth Wright bought his first professional story. 'The Peat in the Abbey' appeared in the January 1935 *Weird Tales* and over the next 25 years Bloch's work was published by most of the major science fiction and fantasy pulps as well as mystery titles and men's magazines like *Playboy* and *Rogue*.

In 1944 he scripted 35 episodes of the radio horror show *Stay Tuned for Terror*, based on his own stories and throughout the 1940s and '50s Bloch's output of horror fiction, often combined with his own particular brand of "gallows humour", steadily grew.

1959 saw the publication of his most successful novel, *Psycho*. MCA, the agency representing Alfred Hitchcock, bought the film rights for only \$2,500: it went on to become the second-highest grossing black and white film ever made, earning millions for its director and Paramount Pictures. The screenplay, by Joseph Stefano (who later produced and wrote many episodes of *The Outer Limits*), followed the novel very closely and Hitchcock later admitted "Psycho all came from Robert Bloch's book. The screenwriter contributed dialogue only, no ideas."

But although he had little direct

involvement with the film *Black's* subsequent career has always been linked with the success of Hitchcock's classic thriller.

By the time *Psycho* was released, Bloch had already moved to Los Angeles and had begun writing scripts for television and the movies. His TV credits include such regular series as *Lookin' for Alfred Hitchcock Presents* and *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour*. Some of his thrillers, *Star Trek: Hammer's Journey into the Unknown*, *Root*, *Selling a Night Gallery* and two very fine made-for-TV movies, *The Cat Creations* (1973) and *The Dead Don't Die* (1975).

During the early '60s he also wrote the screenplays for a number of low budget horror movies: *The Couch* (1960), *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1961), and William Castle's *Savage Jack* (1963) and *The Night Walker* (1964). But some of these films did his work full justice, and it was left to a small Swiss company to attempt to film Bloch's stories with taste and intelligence.

About the same time that Hitchcock was making *Psycho*, two American producers, Milton Subotsky and Max J. Rosenberg, were in Britain making their first horror film for the princely sum of £40,000. *City of the Dead* (its near title in the U.S.A.) was scripted by George East and Subotsky and featured Christopher Lee. As Subotsky remembers, "What is interesting about the film is that it was structured like *Psycho*, but I wrote it before *Psycho*. We killed off the heroine and then had someone come in and investigate what happened to her. Nobody had done this in films as far as I know and we did it first."

The film was a moderate success, and soon after its release Rosenberg and Subotsky formed Amicus Productions and stayed in Britain to continue making rock 'n' roll pictures.

Their second horror film followed in 1964. *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors* had an anthology format patterned after the classic British thriller *Dead of Night* and co-starred Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. The film made a lot of money and quickly established Amicus as a serious rival to Britain's other horror studio, Hammer Film.

Subotsky started looking around for his next project, and when he read Robert Bloch's short story 'The Skull of the Marquis de Sade', decided he could turn it into a film. "What I liked about it was that I saw we could do the last four reels without any dialogue," and Subotsky. He bought the film rights from Bloch and wrote the script himself. "My initial contact was with Max Rosenberg, the other half of the company," Bloch remembers. "Though I corresponded with Milton [concerning the material] and met him in London on both my visits there, in 1965 and 1968."

It was filmed in 1966 as *The Skull*. Once again it reunited Cushing and Lee this

A highlight of action, actor and author makes Steve Jones one of the most notable people in the British fantasy world. Together with Clive Barker he edited (screenwriting) *Alphaville* and the multiple award-winning *Fantasy Tales*, a tribute to his godfather, *Weird Tales*. He also edits, with *Playboy*, the British Fantasy Society Newsletter in a style reminiscent of the late *Imagined Fantasy Media*. His writing extensively on fantasy film (most recently for *Fantasy Magazine*) and has presented for a whole range of magazines in the UK, USA and Europe.

time as a couple of collectors of occult objects often who both want to own the skull of the infamous Marquis de Sade. But the skull still exerts a malignant supernatural influence, finally bringing death to all who gaze at it... Although made on a low budget, director Freddie Francis brought an imaginative nightmare quality to many sequences (only let down by the cheap-looking special effects — a recurring problem in most Amicus films), and the two stars were well supported by a cast that included Patrick Wymark, Nigel Green, Michael Gough, George Coulsons and Patrick Magee. The ending was particularly memorable with the final scene filmed through the eye-sockets of the skull.

Bloch was happy with the adaptation and agreed to script Amicus' next horror film, *The Psychopath's Substory*, and Rosenburg once again called on the services of director Freddie Francis and star Patrick Wymark for this low-key thriller based on Bloch's original unpublished story. Fear apparently unprotected men are brutally murdered. The only clue is a small doll, left at the scene of each crime. According to Bloch, *Substory* and Francis's rehearsal of the film with touches of their own. But the badly-handled murders and weak supporting cast (Margaret Johnston, John Standing, Alexander Knox) left it to Wymark's old-fashioned Police Inspector Holloway to heal the film together. The cinema was generously merciful, but unfortunately the rest of the film didn't live up to the final sequence.

"Visiting London in 1958, I met Milton and Max for the first time and went out to Shepperton one day to see the shooting of the film," said Bloch. "I was taken that I got the first indication of the minuscule budgets under which Amicus laboured, a key scene which I'd written to be played upstairs was instead played in a backdoor niche, dressed as a basement, because it saved the cost of an additional set and more elaborate camerawork."

Bloch's next assignment for Amicus was an adaptation of H.P. Lovecraft's novel *A Taste of Fear*. He was delighted at the prospect. Not only did he have great admiration for the novel, but he also arranged an opportunity to reunite his old friends Boris Karloff and Christopher Lee in the same film. Accordingly, he wrote the opening Karloff in the villain's role as a schizophrenic madman breeding a line of killer bats on a remote island and Lee's function as the most obvious suspect seemed ideal. "Again, the question of budget seemed to hamper such casting," said Bloch — the roles were finally played by Peter Pridgey and Guy Doleman. "Later I was told that the director (Freddie Francis again) ordered a rewrite whilst the producers were away and began shooting before the changes were played. True or false the results depressed me, being faithful neither to my script or Mr. Lovecraft's novel. Lovecraft

certainly deserved better treatment, and perhaps I did too." Although made in early 1960, the film was finally released a year later as *The Deadly Seas* — and then with some scenes cut. The sea attacks (using dolls charged real bats) were effectively handled and the picture did at least keep the audience from questioning the film's identity until the end.

But long before Bloch learned of the film's fate, he was already working on the first of three grimy efforts he scripted for Amicus. Having back to the successful format of *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors*, Substory decided to continue four of Bloch's most famous tales: *Frank*, *Terror Over Hollywood*, *Mr. Scarecrow*, and *The Man Who Collected Pies*. "My relationship was actually a very simple one," said Bloch. "Milton would come up with a suggested treatment of a premise, story and in some cases indicate which of my published short stories he'd prefer me to adapt for the individual sequences in the script. Then I'd write the whole thing, frame and all, and send it along." In *Torture Garden* (1965), five visitors to a carnival act dated by the sinister Dr. Gribble (Burgess Meredith) to enter his inner-jaroom and glimpse what the future holds for them. Michael Bryant has his head eaten by a witch's cat, Robert Hudson is a Hollywood star whose screen longevity is due to the fact that he is a robot. John Standing plays a pianist whose jealous partner poisons his girlfriend out the window, and Jack Palance discusses that Peter Cushing has brought Edgar Allan Poe back to life. "They only did 60 or 70 per cent of what I had written," complained Bloch. However a bigger budget, better than usual direction by Freddie Francis and a star cast resulted in an enjoyable thriller in Amicus, patrons were enticed into the cinema with the offer of a free packet of Fright Seeds to grow their own *Torture Garden*!

Bloch was soon back working with Amicus again and *The House That Dripped Blood* (1970) became the company's most critically acclaimed movie. Substory had wanted to make a horror film for younger audiences, but his distributor insisted on the British Censor giving the film an 'X' certificate. Once again Bloch adapted four of his short stories: *Method for Murder*, *The Living End*, *Sweets to the Sweet* and *The Clerk*, around the framework of an old house in the country. When Paul Henderson (Lia Parnes) one of Britain's foremost horror film stars, disappears, Inspector Holloway (this time played by John Barnard) investigates. Boleyn, the estate agent, tells him the tragic history of the building's inhabitants. Gerharm Elliott plays a former writer whose character (Tim Adams) comes to life, Peter Cushing is obsessed with the figure of Salome in a run-down local waterworks, a strict father (Christopher Lee) comes to a nasty end when his young daughter



Above: Peter Cushing scenes with *The Skull* (1965). Below: Cleo Francis makes a dramatic telephone call in the death of her father (Christopher Lee), in *The House That Dripped Blood* (1970).





Top: John Parfitt as a *Hammer* star who is targeted by media; bottom: Peter Cushing in *The House that Dripped Blood*. Below: Patrick Magee (transformed by a mysterious mansion in *Asylum* (1970)) Bottom: Peter Cushing as a mysterious stranger in *Asylum*. Right: Vincent Price (Robert Bloch)



precious wilderlife on him, and Parfitt's van film star visits an antique shop and buys an old clock that belonged to Count Dracula himself. The film ends with Holloway investigating the basement of the house where he is attacked by Henderson and his leading lady (lingid Pini) now both real vampires...

Greater Peter Cushing brought an atmospheric and stylish flair to each of the stories, and the final tongue-in-cheek vampire squads a personal favourite of Bullock and Bloch (which the latter believes actually improved upon his work).

But Bloch is probably most satisfied with his last project for Amicus, *Asylum* (mid-1972). The author remembers that the stronger than usual frame story was "developed and submitted to me in a treatment by Milton, using a published short story of mine as its base. We then chose three more of my published works for the main storylines and I wrote the script from the material. One of the stories we agreed upon was a galleon buried under Paris, on completion Milton left it was out of place, and I substituted another segment instead." The long story "Mantides of Horror" concerns Dr Martin, played by Robert Powell, who arrives to take up a new post at a remote asylum. There he is greeted by Dr Rutherford (Patrick Magee) who informs him that the head of the institute, Dr Star, is now insane and one of the patients. As a test of his capabilities, Martin must interview four patients and decide which is Dr Star. Then came the changes to Bloch's script. The "Frozen Fear" segment which he had placed third because "the story would be better served if this horrific episode came along after the audience had been 'warmed up' properly in advance, was now first. Richard Todd murders, and then disembows his wife (Sylvia Syms), stirring the pieces in a freezer. But when his girlfriend (Barbara Pearson) arrives, she discovers her lover strangled and is subsequently pursued by the neatly wrapped packages containing bits of the lady."

In the next episode, "The Weird Tailor" Barry Morse portrays a poor tailor who is commissioned by a mysterious stranger (Peter Cushing) to make a magic suit that will revive the dead. Bloch was upset that his original story and script, which featured a decidedly nasty character in the title role, "was rewritten so the character changed into what Freudian psychologists describe, in technical terms, as a poor schizoid." Moreover, the sequence – which he'd written as the first episode – was now switched around so that it became the third.

"Lucy Comes to Stay" is a reasonably effective tale of psychological horror in which Barbara (Charlotte Rampling) is visited by her friend Lucy (Britt Ekland) to tell her that her sister is dead. But the twist is that Lucy doesn't exist. Finally, Martin meets Byron (Robert

Lomb) who believes he was once a doctor. He claims that the "Mantides" figures he has created are alive and throughout he will revenge himself on those who incarcerated him. As the young doctor prepares to leave, confident that he now knows the identity of Dr Star, he discovers that his conclusions are hopelessly wrong... In the final episode, Bloch described "figures of clay, perfectly-intellectual miniature human forms, which would be designed and animated by someone like my friend Ray Harryhausen. Alas for good intentions – and a flat budget! What you see upon the screen is what I got. Time and money dictated the necessity of this compromise, not human error in judgement. But the result, I submit, wasn't what I'd intended."

Overall, *Asylum* is the most polished of the Bloch and Amicus collaborations,



thanks to the sure hand of director Roy Ward Baker and the usual fine cast and excellent production values.

"As for *Asylum*," said Bloch "I can only claim credit – or blame – for those portions of the film which were shot in accordance with my script... Considering the handicaps and limitations under which they worked, the producers, director, cast and production people deserve full marks and I can only be grateful for their efforts. As for myself, I'm satisfied with those portions of the film – "Lucy Comes to Stay" and "Frozen Fear" – which were shot exactly as I'd written them, dialogues, action and camerawork. For better or worse they survive as examples of my preference to see my stories translated to film."

By the mid-1970s the horror boom was coming to an end. *Jurassic* and its sibling *Hammer* stopped making pictures in





# AT THE MONSTER CLUB

Take a dash of *He/H*, add a healthy dose of Milton Subotsky, a sprinkle of *ITC*'s *Beast of the Amazon* Cernine film festival, and the end product (with four weeks to mature) is a nicely produced marketing tool, *The Monster Club* comic magazine.

Thanks to the British fan press, many have heard of the remarkably accurate comic strip adaptation of *The Monster Club*, but few have seen it. At recent conventions, this highly sought-after 32-page risqué comic sold at auction prices as high as £750.

Arriving *Halls of Hammer* seems to be a perfect place to make this piece of work available to more than the 1980 recipients of the original.

Thanks to Quality Communications (then Pioneer Press) selling first rights only to Hammer *ITC*, we are able to reprint the strip across this issue and the next.

**F**ebruary, 1980 proved to be an interesting month for John Bolton and myself. I had just completed my 10-month contractual term as *Maniac*'s editorial director, and have freed from the restraints of an exclusive arrangement, was ready to take up any new challenge.

Within a week, film producer/director/producer Milton Subotsky, who had masterminded the only serious real-to-Hammer Films in the shape of the Amicus company, telephoned me with an interesting proposition.

Milton had been aware of our magazine *Halls of Hammer*, and while he realised we could hardly affect an Amicus production under the Hammer banner, he saw the potential of comic strip versions of films.

At that time, Milton had reached an agreement with Lord Lee Gleick's *ITC* Entertainment company to produce a film based on R. C. Harvey/Hyer's collection of short stories, *The Monster Club*.

Unfortunately, while the film had been partially cast, with leads Vincent Price, John Cernine and Donald Pleasence, there was little time to prepare any promotional (sales) material for the upcoming Cernine Film Festival.

Had there been more time, the investment would have been formidable to produce any kind of promotional real, stills, and brochures with actual scenes from the film. Seeing this as an ideal time to combine for use with the *He/H* team, Milton got the go-ahead to have a comic strip version of the film produced.

Our brief was to do the opposite of our usual *He/H* adaptation, instead of taking an

existing film, its set design, make-up, costumes and locations, and capturing that image to a comic strip. *He/H* was to script to what *He/H* saw, not visually had and been produced.

David Jackson, who had adapted several films for *He/H*, and is currently producing *Father Christmas for Warner*, was approached to handle the black and white interior art, and John Bolton agreed to paint the comic's wraparound cover (reproduced as our centric poster this issue).

However, what ultimately transpired was John taking on the total art side with the exception of four pages which David (P for Poodick) Lloyd helped out with, as the deadline loomed nearer.

Unlike the usual adaptation wherein the basic strengths which convert to comic strip form are emphasised and the nonvisual side played down, *The Monster Club* presented a different kind of challenge as a script. Everything had to be included. Nearly 20 minutes of film in twenty-five pages. None of the luxury of the *Maniac*-style assembly-line page, three main adaptations.

The benefits of such an anti-product proved to be multiple. Not only could a foreign distributor take the total image of the film back to his own territory, but, because of its strip format (and five language synopses translation across the last two pages) he would actually be able to "read" the film visually.

Make-up genius Roy Ashton, who had been responsible for the greater part of Hammer's visual effects during their heyday, was highly complimentary about the winnifell, ghoul and shedrock visualisations John Bolton had produced for the comic, to the extent of admitting being influenced by them when working on the finished film.

Obviously he wasn't the only one. For a particular sequence in the 'Loughville' segment of the film, John was commissioned to produce seven aerial illustrations, which were used with a voiceover for a flashback sequence.

John also produced a large full colour version of the monster parasitological chart for use in the film (as mentioned in the fourth page of our adaptation). This chart obviously proved popular with the film's cast or crew too, as it mysteriously disappeared after the final day's shooting.

Despite a restrictive budget and shooting schedule, Milton managed to get the film in the can on time, complete with a soundtrack featuring B.A. Robertson and The Pearly Things which rivals Paul Williams' excellent work for *Phantoms of the Paradise*.

Apparently no American distribution has yet been agreed upon for *The Monster Club* so perhaps through our American sales of this magazine we can rectify the situation.

Our friend, writer Peter Dinkley, publisher of this magazine, has been one of the more colourful characters in fantasy and comic conventions over the last fifteen years. His writing associations have been with such comic magazines (during 1980): *Spider-Man*, *Tarzan*, *Batman*, *The Hulk*, etc., and from TV magazines (*Johnny Monstar Mag*, *Doctor Who Weekly*, *Star Wars Weekly*, *Starline*, *TV Times*, etc.). From his South London base, he has put up Quality Communications in company with both publishing and what might be called, as well as continuing to provide design and art consultancy work for various companies.

## Members & Guests

### IN THE CLUB

ERAMOS will be played by  
VINCENT PRICE  
A. CHERMYNO HAYES will be  
JOHN CARRADINE



### IN THE FIRST STORY

ANGELA will be BARBARA KELLERMAN, RAVEN will be JAMES LAURENSEN  
and GEORGE will be SYDNEY WARD



### IN THE SECOND STORY

SAM will be STUART WHITMAN, LUMA will be LESLEY DUNLOP  
and THE WKKERER will be PATRICK MADGE



### IN THE THIRD STORY

THE FATHER will be RICHARD JOHNSON, THE MOTHER will be BRITT EKLAND  
PICKERING will be DONALD PLEASANCE and MORGAN will be ANTHONY VALENTINE









**R. CHETWYND HAYES**  
**HORROR**  
**PAPERBACKS**  
*ON SALE HERE*



Edited & selected by **DEZ SKINN**

Illustrations by **JOHN BOLTON**

SEVENTH-TIME IN THE CITY, A TIME WHEN NIGHT SHOULD BE EATING...  
DARKNESS... BUT NOT BECAUSE A  
CREATURE OF THE DARKENED  
STREETS, WHO KNEW...



...finished...

...haven't  
seen her yet...  
for two weeks...



WELL, I'LL BE GLAD TO  
GIVE YOU SOME  
MONEY FOR...  
MOP...

...he. Can't keep  
hold down  
heavy coat...



WELL, I'LL DO  
ANYTHING I  
CAN TO HELP  
YOU...



HE WATCHED  
HER GO, HIS EYES  
SET UP AND HE  
DROPPED TO ONE  
KNEE...

ANYTHING?  
OH, THANK  
YOU!!



ERK!





POOR DONALD. THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE RECALLED BACK A SHOCK THAT HE HANDED AND THE NEXT THING HE KNEW...

WHAT?

I DO THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE AHEAD.

MAY I BE PERMITTED TO INTRODUCE MYSELF? MY NAME IS DONALD. I'M A VAMPIRE, BUT OF COURSE YOU KNOW THAT.

I DIDN'T BITE JOSEF - YOU MUST BECOME ONE OF US!

HANDING BACK THE WALLET, BECAUSE NOTICED THE NAME...

A CRYSTAL-MADE? AUTHOR OF THOSE MAGNIFICENT HORROR STORIES.

WOW, YOU'RE MY FAVORITE WRITER!

YOU MUST LET ME SHOW YOU! I CAN SHOW YOU MATERIAL FOR YOUR NEXT BOOK - THE IDEAL STORY. NO NEED TO WORRY, YOU'LL BE QUITE SAFE...

YOU HAVE ANY VIDEO... THE VIDEO OF A VAMPIRE!

AT THE MENTION OF NEW MATERIAL, DONALD FELT HIS PULSES INSTINCTUALLY CONTRACT, AND BECAUSE DONALD LOOKS SERIOUS.

MATERIAL? WHAT KIND OF MATERIAL?

I WILL TAKE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE MY FRIENDS - ALL MOST VAMPIRES - WERE WOLVES, SHARK-MEN, WERF-PORCH, GHOULS... EVERY SORT OF YOU CAN IMAGINE! AND YOU'LL BE BEYOND THE REACHES OF MERE MORTALS - THEN YOU WILL DISCOVER SUCH TALES OF HORROR THAT WILL CURE YOUR TOSK AND PRESERVE YOUR SLEEP IN YOUR VAMPIRE CLUB! A SECRET PASS WILL TAKE US TO...

# The MONSTER CLUB

SURELY THIS IS A TIGHTEN ATTRACTION. IT'S VERY SCARY, BUT YOU'RE NOT REALLY...

I'LL HAVE THE USUAL MY FRIEND IS SAYING.

MY FRIEND DONALD IS OVER HERE. I COULD SUGGEST THE CLASH A VAMPIRE WOULD MAKE YOUR FRIEND LOOK LESS CONSPICUOUS!

AND, AS THE DRINKS ARRIVED...

THIS IS QUITE PLEASANT,  
BUT DOESN'T JUST A MORTAIN CO.  
GETTING THE REAL THING  
BECOMES CONSIDERABLY  
MORE DIFFICULT...

PEOPLE ARE  
SO OBSCURED THESE  
DAYS, THROUGH TV  
AND HORROR FILMS

EVERYBODY  
KNOWS ABOUT  
GALIC AND STAKES  
THROUGH THE MIST  
IT TAKES ALL THE  
COURAGE A MAN  
POSSIBLE JUST TO  
WALK THE STREETS!

NEEDLESSLY, RONALD CLARKE BOULD ALMOST  
OBJECTION TO STAMM'S ASKING THEM TO  
DROPTED...

THAT CHART  
WHAT IS  
IT?

OH, THAT'S  
A MODERN  
GENERAL CLINICAL  
CHART.

STAMM SHOWED AND NAMED  
MANY STRANGE NEW MONSTERS  
... AND EXPLAINED WHAT THEY  
DID...

GEORGE

IT'S QUITE  
SIMPLE, BECAUSE  
ALL YOU HAVE TO  
REMEMBER ARE  
THE BASIC RULES  
OF  
MURDERMANS

EXACTLY, BECAUSE  
BUT, AND... NOT WANTING  
TO DRAW ATTENTION TO  
HIS COMPLAINING  
BROW...

WARRING OUR  
WARRING... ALIVE,  
OH, OH, THESE  
LACK, MARCH, DOWN,  
MARCH, DOWN, BUT  
MARCHING ONLY  
WHILE...

WHILE? THAT  
DOESN'T SOUND  
GOOD...

OH, BUT IT  
IS! I HEARD  
OF A MAN, ONE  
WHO HAD BEEN  
THE RESULTS OF  
A SHADOWN'S  
WHILE...

ONLY THE  
RESULTS...

AND  
YET...



RECALL A YOUNG MAN WHO HAD WITNESSED  
TERROR! FOR SIX MONTHS HIS BRAIN TRIED  
TO COME UP WITH A WAY HIS MEMORY COULD  
NOT BEASE. HIS LONG CATALYTIC THOUGHTS  
BEING SPLIT WITH PERIODS OF UNCONTROLL-  
ABLE RAGE



AND BEHIND HIS EYES WHICH  
EXPRESSED DEEPER THOUGHTS  
A SECRET... AND A MEMORY...

A MEMORY OF A TIME WHEN HE HAD ONLY WANTED  
ONE THING... MONEY! QUICKLY, AND BY ANY  
MEANS NECESSARY!

MAYBE WE OUGHT TO  
LOOK FOR ARTHUR JONES,  
GEORGE?

AND BE GLAD TO  
TO THEM ALL OUR  
LIVES? WE'D  
NEVER AFFORD  
TO GET  
MARRIED...

HERE'S  
SOMETHING:  
"ARTHUR JONES  
RECEIVED  
SECRETARIES TO  
CATALOGUE HIS  
COLLECTION."

SOME OF THESE OLD  
PEOPLE HAVE STUFF  
WORTH THOUSANDS  
OF GOLD--MILKED  
DOWN--UNDOUBT!



HE'S OFFERING  
SOME MONEY...  
HMM... AND HIS  
PLACE IS  
CALLED...



"...ALBANY HOUSE..."

MR. JONES? HA!  
ANGELA JONES  
I ANSWER TO YOU  
ABOUT THE  
ADVERTISEMENT

OH, YES,  
OF COURSE  
PLEASE DO  
COME  
IN!





AND, AS ANGELA IS LED INTO THE STUDY...



BUT GEORGE'S GROOM WAS A POWERFUL FORCE...



I CAN'T DO IT  
HE WANTED ME  
FOR THE JOB.  
AND THE HOUSE  
IS FULL OF  
GOOD STUFF...  
BUT THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
TERRIFYING  
ABOUT HIM!

YOU SAY  
IT'S FULL  
OF GOOD  
STUFF?

...AND SO ANGELA RE-  
TURNED TO ALBERT'S  
HOUSE... MUCH TO THE  
DELIGHT OF THE  
MYSTERIOUS MR  
SEVEN.



YOU --  
YOU CAME  
BACK.

ANGELA HAD QUICKLY UNWOUND  
INTO BATHING STUBS... THE MR  
DEEMED A STRANGE DESPER-  
ATE HOPE IN HIS VOICE...



I USED TO WEAR A  
MASK, BUT IT'S MUCH  
BETTER FOR PEOPLE  
TO GET OVER THE  
SHOCK AT THE  
BEGINNING...

THEN THEY  
WOULDN'T EVEN  
GROW ACCUSTOMED.

NEXT MORNING, ANGELA  
FOUND HER NEW EMPLOYER  
IN THE GARDENS.



GOOD MORNING  
OH, I DON'T  
MEAN TO FOULTEN  
THE BIRDS.

THERE ARE AN  
ONLY PRETEND, BUT  
SOON THEY WILL GET TO  
KNOW YOU, ACCEPT YOU  
AS A PRESENTED.

AT DAWN'S DAWN, COCKLETTED STRIDE  
ANGELA BEGAN TO TREMBLE, FEELING  
A STRANGE MIXTURE OF PASSIONATE  
AND FEAR...



I-I MUST  
GET TO  
WORK.

ALL THIS DUST  
WHY NOT GET  
SOMEONE TO  
CLEAN UP THIS  
PLACE?

I CAN'T ASK PEOPLE  
TO COME HERE...  
YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW  
HARD IT WILL BE FOR  
ME TO ADVERTISE  
FOR YOU. I MUST  
NEVER GO NEAR  
PEOPLE OR LEAVE  
THE GROUNDS.



AREN'T YOU EVER  
LONELY?

IF ONLY YOU  
KNEW THE AGONY  
OF MY  
LONELINESS...



AND HE LOOKED AT HER  
WITH A DEEPER AND  
APPEAL IN HIS EYES...



AS THE CAT CONVERSED, DAVEN FELT HIMSELF LOOSING CONTROL. A DARKNESS BUILDING UP INSIDE HIM AS HE HELD THE LIFELESS CREATURE...



THE DEATH-LIKE SILENCE OF ALBERT'S HOUSE WAS  
BROKEN ONLY BY THE SOFT TAPPING OF TYPE-  
WRITER KEYS. UNTIL A SUDDEN HIGH-PITCHED, HAR-  
SHATTED SOUND ECHOED AROUND THE HOUSE...



THE BLOOD IN ANGELA'S VEINS ALMOST FREEZE  
WHEN SHE SAW INTO THE HALL AND SAW RAVEN...



SOMEBODY MUST  
HAVE OPENED RAVEN DOOR.  
ANGELA STARED INTO  
THE GARDEN, WHERE  
ONE FOUND...



DESPITE HER TERROR, ANGELA  
DID NOT SEEM TOO BAWDY-HANDED  
THAT NIGHT...

THE GOAT-CORPSE KILLER  
WAS POSSIBLE TO FINISH, THE  
TOO SPECIALIZED, AND HER  
WED TONE OF IT FOR THE  
MELANCHOLY VALUE TO BE  
WORTHWHILE



BUT FIRST HER  
GOT A SANDY  
LITTLE WALL  
SAID STAINED  
WITH BLOOD SO  
HE CAN BUY  
THESE THINGS

ANGELA BREATHED QUIETLY,  
KNOWING IT WAS NO USE ARGUING.

THE FOLLOWING EVENING  
INSTEAD OF LEAVING  
PREVIOUSLY ANGELA  
STAYED TO SEARCH  
ALBERT'S HOUSE  
BUT AS SHE CROST  
DESLIMLY INTO  
THE HALL...



RAVEN AND  
HE'S GOT  
COMPANY...  
JUST MY  
BLACK...

AND, AS RAVEN'S GUEST  
STEPPED INTO THE LIGHT...



TURNING THE LIGHTS ON AT THE SUDDEN SCREAM, DAVEY RUSHED OVER TO ANGELA...



I THOUGHT YOU'D ALREADY GONE HOME.



BUT DON'T WORRY, THAT'S ONLY MY GREAT UNCLE URSIN. I'M AFRAID HE DOES LOOK A LITTLE STRANGE... TO AN OUTSIDER.

HE'D NEVER HURT YOU! I'VE MADE ALL MY MISTAKES, PLEASE. THAT THING NEVER HURT YOU!



HE'S VERY NICE REALLY - DO YOU WANT TO MEET HIM?



STILL TERRIFIED BY THE MEMORY OF THE HORROR'S FACE, ANGELA COULD HARDLY SHAKE HER HEAD, DESPERATELY TRYING TO REJECT HER HORRIFIC EXPERIENCE.

AGAIN DAVEY'S FACE MANAGED A STRANGE GRIN AS HE CONTINUED...



THE OTHER DAY... IN THE GARDEN... I LOST CONTROL OF MYSELF. IT WAS HORRIBLE. I KNOW IT IS MY COURTESY FEEL THAT...

BUT NO, I'M ALL RIGHT NOW. SEEING YOU HAS COMPLETED THE CURSE.

I... MUST BE GONE.

FEELING WHAT NEW TERRORS WOULD UNFOLD, ANGELA RETURNED TO HER WORK THE FOLLOWING DAY, ONLY TO BE GREETED WITH...



THIS WAS ONCE BELONGED TO PRINCESS XENIA WHO WAS SAID TO BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF HER DAY... MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO!

SHE MUST HAVE HAD YOUR COLOURING. IT MATCHES YOUR EYES AND HAIR PERFECTLY...

SUDDENLY, DAVEY WAS OVERCOME WITH SHYNESS AND DISTURBED TO BE BRING TO HIS HIDDEN WALL SAFE...



DAVEY'S FACE SUDDENLY CHANGED AT ONCE IT FILLED WITH HOPE, YET DOUBT, WITH ANTICIPATION, YET DEAD...



YOU SHOULD KEEP ALL THOSE THINGS IN THE BANK.

I DON'T LIKE BANKS. YOU HAVE TO SEE - PEOPLE ARE TERRIBLE. A LOT MUCH BETTER HERE... WITH ME.

Angela - will you marry me?

I needed me appearance and self-respect, but you don't need love me.



FIVE HOURS LATER, ANGELA KEPT READING DAVEN'S PROPOSAL IN HER MIND AND, THAT NIGHT...



IT'S NO USE, BECAUSE I JUST CAN'T DO IT. NOT TO HIM.

DON'T WORRY. JUST PLAY ALONG WITH HIM. TAKE THE RING AS AN ENGAGEMENT PRESENT AND REMEMBER THE COMMISSION WHEN HE OFFERS THE SAFE THEM. THE BIG ONE! WE'LL BE RICH!

THE NEXT DAY DAVEN WAS FASTED TO NOTICE ANGELA'S BEAR AND TENSION BEHIND HER SMILE...

YOU'RE MAKING ME SO VERY HAPPY! AND IT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU SHOULD HAVE THE RING THAT IT SHOULD ADDEN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL HAND AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES...



AND AS DAVEN'S FINGERED THE RING OVER THE SAFE'S COMMISSION, ANGELA WATCHED HIS EVERY MOVE!

ANGELA WAS OBVIOUS TO DAVEN'S COMMISSION AS SHE CONCENTRATED ON THE NUMBERS...

I HAVE SOMETHING OF A COMMISSION TO MAKE. I'M A BALANCE, BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS... WELL, PLEASE! WHISTLE...



BUT NO... I MUST NOT WHISTLE... EVER!

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!

YOU MUST MEET SOME OF MY RELATIVES. THEY CAN EXPLAIN THE SITUATION... TO YOU MUCH BETTER THAN I COULD...

WE'LL HAVE AN ENGAGEMENT PARTY! AND IT CAN BE IN FANCY DRESS! EVERYONE CAN READ A BOOK, AND GIVE YOU THE CHANCE TO GET TO KNOW MY FAMILY... GRACIOUSLY!

YES-YES... IT SHOULD BE LIKE THAT...

AND SO, CAME THE NIGHT OF THE MARRIED PARTY...

COME ANY DEAR! IT IS A SHAME TO HIDE SUCH BEAUTY... BUT HERE WE MUST ALL BE MASKED.



ANGELA WAS OBLIGED TO DANCE WITH MANY OF DAVEN'S RELATIVES. BUT EVEN MASKED, THEY TOLD HER SHE HAD MET GREAT UNCLE URS... WHAT COULD THESE OTHER DANCING PARTNERS REALLY LOOK LIKE?

FINALLY, SHE WAS ABLE TO SLIP AWAY FROM THE CROWD INTO THE STUDY...



OPEN, SAFE... PLEASE, PLEASE OPEN!

BUT SOMEONE ELSE HAD SLIPPED AWAY TOO...

AND, AS THE GATE FINALLY OPENED, REVEALING ITS TREASURES, ANGELA SCORCHED UP ALL SHE COULD CARRY. BUT WHEN SHE TURNED TO LEAVE,



"TAKE THEM, THE MONEY AND OTHER THINGS DO NOT MATTER TO ME... GIVE THEM TO WHOMEVER YOU PLEASE, BUT YOU COULD STILL... LOVE ME."



"NO! NO... YOU'RE HIDEOUS... REVOLTING! THE MONEY! THE JEWELS! THAT'S ALL I EVER WANTED FROM YOU!"

"DON'T SAY THAT... YOU MUSTN'T!"

"I COULD NEVER LOVE YOU... YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE I'D BE ASKED IF YOU EVEN TOUCHED ME, YOU'RE HIDEOUS!"

AND ONCE ANGEL'S SOUVENIR'S LIPS BEGAN TO TWITCH AND FORM A TIGHT LITTLE CIRCLE, AS HE INHALED DEEPLY.



TWO SOUNDS MADE THE GROUND THUD, SUCCESSFULLY STOPPING THE STUDY A PHEASANT... WHISTLING WHISTLE, LOUDER THAN ANYTHING IMAGINABLE...



AND A BLOOD-CRACKLING SCREAM OF AGONY!

LATER, THAT SAME NIGHT...



"YOU'RE BACK! GREAT! DID YOU SEE IT?"



BUT ANGELA'S ONLY DEEPLY WAS...

"YOU... COULD... STILL... LOVE ME..."



"LOVE ME..."



"LOVE..."

"...ME..."



# THE BEST OF BRITISH WARRIOR BACK ISSUES:



**ISSUE ONE** No.004  
Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta  
Shanor, Laser Brain & Predator  
Special features: "True Story" by Moore  
& Gibbons, Marvelman article



**ISSUE TWO** No.005  
Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta  
Shanor, Laser Brain & Predator  
Special features: Dispatches  
Production article



**ISSUE THREE** No.006  
Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta,  
Shanor, The Madman, Laser Brain &  
Predator, Dispatches  
Special feature: Dit ads only to Moore  
& Ford



**ISSUE FOUR** No.007  
Marvelman, Spiral Path, Predator  
Shanor, The Madman, Laser Brain &  
Vendetta, Dispatches  
Special feature: Teams a Golden Age  
to David Lloyd



**ISSUE FIVE** No.008  
Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta  
Shanor, The Madman, Laser Brain &  
Predator, Dispatches  
Special feature: Bonus V for Vendetta  
concept art



**ISSUE SIX** No.009  
Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta  
Shanor, The Madman, Laser Brain &  
Predator, Dispatches  
Special feature: "My Mother's Murder"  
by Dave Moore & Grant Collins



**ISSUE SEVEN** No.010  
Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta  
Shanor, The Madman, Laser Brain &  
Predator, Dispatches  
Special feature: Marvelman colour pin-  
up by Matt Ryan



**ISSUE EIGHT** No.011  
Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta  
Shanor, Laser Brain & Predator  
Dispatches  
Special feature: "Six Days" by Hunt  
Evans

**ISSUE NINE** No.012  
Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for  
Vendetta, Shanor, Laser Brain &  
Predator, Dispatches  
Special features: Wargames by  
Alan Moore & Gerry Boucher + Press  
button pin-up

## Subscribe to WARRIOR!

Deliver it to your door! Subscribe to **WARRIOR** and we'll save the expense of parcels and the worry about missing a parcel!  
 Mailed for a subscription a different price! Whatever happens over the next year - the price is fixed if you take advantage of our special subscription offer:  
 12 issues (winter Great Britain) £7.50 12 issues (winter: normal) £24.00 12 issues (winter: abroad) £28.00

QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS, 3 LEWISHAM WAY, LONDON SE14 6PP, ENGLAND  
 Wholesale enquiries to: Titan Distributors, P.O. Box 358, London E3 4RT, England

# A TASTE OF PARANOIA

A Look at  
Hammer's  
Psychological  
Drama Films  
1961-72

by  
Keith Dudley  
and  
Glen Davies

Keith Dudley and Glen Davies are writers on Hammer films and authors of *When was writing for the Hammer International Journal (the HJ Supply)*, which serves as for a projected book on Hammer's unfinished projects.

I could be said that Hammer made its name by 'basking in' on whatever was most popular during a certain time. Between 1948 and 1959 35% of their production output was based on the more popular radio plays and serials of the day, from the *Dick Barton* films beginning in 1948, up to 1959 with the comedy production *The Lyons in Paris*.

From then on the company turned to television for their ideas and produced *The Guatemalan Experiment* in 1959. *Experiment* was a runaway success and Hammer found that they could lift themselves out of the 'B' picture rut and consequently top class productions with world wide distribution. But even so, in the next five years of producing classic fantasy films, the team, which included Michael Carreras, director Terence Fisher and screenwriter Jimmy Sangster, once again found themselves in the inevitable rut. Michael Carreras left Hammer to form his own production company, Capemore Films and Sangster stayed with the company but decided against writing any more 'fantasy honor' scripts. He found himself 'typical'. In the publicity ads for *Bornen and Isak*'s 1962 production he had even been billed as Jimmy 'Teutonsman' Sangster.

It was time to try something different and in 1960 after the enormous success of Alfred Hitchcock's classic *Psycho*, Sangster approached Hammer with the idea of producing a series of psychological thrillers or, as Sangster called them, 'heavily murder thrillers', thus creating within the Hammer horror format a new genre. On repeated showings the Hammer suspense films look very little like the Hitchcock film that critics compared them with. Indeed, if it was not for Hitchcock's *Psycho*, Sangster's movies could be termed as pure Hammer. Although these type of films have been around since *The Spiral Staircase* only Hammer has styled them into a workable series, and some fine offerings were produced like Seth Holt's superb *Tests of Fear*, *The Hussy* and Silvio Narizzano's *Parano*.

The first film in the series to go into production (and scripted by Sangster) was Seth Holt's *Tests of Fear* (U.S. *Screens of Fear*) in 1961. The film is rarely seen these days but is easily the best in the series of James Carreras' 'rims Hitchcock thrillers'. The film tells the story of Penny Appleby, a wheel-chair cripple, who goes to visit her father in the South of France only to be told by Jane, her stepmother, that her father is away on business. Making herself at home Penny's visit soon turns into a nightmare when she discovers the body of her father in the summerhouse and is told by her stepmother that she is seeing things. When they return to the summerhouse the body has disappeared. The following day she sees the body again and Dr Gerard, who is a guest at the house,

believes that the car accident which left Penny a cripple has also affected her mind. But Penny has other ideas and after discovering the body again, this time floating in the swimming pool she decides to contact the police, but is prevented by the startling developments in Sangster's script.

*Tests of Fear* is a highly entertaining film, with Holt getting a tour de force performance from Susan Hampshire as the unwitting victim of her stepmother (Jane played by Ann Todd) and Bob (the stepmother's lover, played by the late Ronald Lewis). Seth Holt, no doubt because of his training as a cutter, keeps the film going at a fast pace, aided by Douglas Slocombe's grainy macrochroma photography which results in giving the film more suspense and tension than perhaps it would normally have had. For once even the critics were happy. "More than a taste, a beautiful, all out shocker!" said *The Daily Express*, "What you are after is a touch of horror in the dark then *Tests of Fear* is for you!" It's a clever film with a good ending, stylishly directed by a master. Seth Holt never repeated the success he had with *Tests of Fear*, he returned to Hammer to direct *The Hussy* in 1966 and again in 1971 to film *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* and it was during production of the Murray film that Holt suffered a massive heart attack and died, hence being taken by Michael Carreras.

1960 saw the second film in the series, *Parano*, again scripted by Jimmy Sangster (who also produced and directed by Michael Carreras. Dick Carreras took in her *Little Shop of Horrors* (issue 4) summed up the film nicely by saying "A boring thriller based on a Jimmy Sangster script. Don't watch this at night because you'll never be able to sleep again." As in the earlier *Tests of Fear* the story takes place in France. Georges (played by Donald Houston) escaped from a lunatic asylum with the intention of murdering his wife's lover (Karin Mathew). Georges, it seems, has a fetish for any expensive toad and putting them to good use during the film's 88 minute running time. Although the film has quite a few surprises and plot twists, it never gives the viewer the feeling of menace that the first film managed. The British Film Institute's *Monthly Film Bulletin* said at the time "Mander's finely and deviously tangled into film mediocrity by the direction of Michael Carreras, with its marked absence of film sense." That sentence just about said it all for what must be the worst film in the psychological series.

A man returns home after many years of being thought dead, which causes considerable upheaval in the Ashby household, not least to Simon Ashby, who years previously murdered the brother whom the stranger now claims to be. This is the basic plot of the 1963 *Parano*, filmed at Bray Studios and

directed by award-winning lighting cameraman Freddie Francis. *Paranoid* is the only film in the series that can really be said to be *Psycho*-inspired. Hammer's study of an orphan playing lunatic who keeps the immortal corpse of his murdered younger brother's body hidden in an outhouse was long thought to be based on an original screenplay by Jimmy Sangster but in fact Sangster's name appears on the credits as sole scriptwriter. It has since been revealed that the original idea for *Paranoid* was not the product of Mr Sangster's imagination, but was based on a 1948 novel *Black Fever*, written by Josephine Tey.

*Black Fever* was considered to have enough thrills and suspense to be offered for filming in 1955 by Hammer, a script was completed and advertisements appeared in the trade journals proclaiming the forthcoming film to be "the scariest and most ingenious", but by 1960 *Black Fever* had still not been filmed and it appeared that the project had been abandoned. In fact the project was still very much alive, which is more than can be said for Simon Ashby's brother. Indeed under Freddie Francis' direction the viewer is left unsure if the supposed brother is the gentleman he claims to be or a serial killer in the film—whence the novel leaves no doubt in the readers' mind that *Fever* or *Tony* as he is called in the film, is an impostor from the start. Who wrote the original screenplay remains a mystery but it is thought that the script was taken off the shelf sometime after 1960 and revised as a successor to *Taste of Fear*. The screenplay was then handed over to Sangster and sometime later *Paranoid* was born. Oliver Reed's bullying, gut-brawling manner and the fiery climax are all a product of the Hammer style but the basic narrative remains faithful to Josephine Tey's original conception.

*Paranoid* was released in 1962 to only moderate success at the box-office. It remains a for-seeable film repeatable only for a fine performance by Oliver Reed in an otherwise poor cast that included Janette Scott and American Actor Alexander D'Amico. It is interesting to note here that for all the films in this mini-series, Hammer returned to the early 1950s practice of using American name actors, probably to ensure a release in the States.

Sangster now seemed to be running short of ideas and his script for *Nightmare*, again produced in 1962, returned to the basic "now you see the body, now you don't" type film. Although *Nightmare* was well directed by Freddie Francis it just didn't have enough suspense to hold the audience in the way that the earlier *Taste of Fear* did. The very thin plot has the obligatory evil guardian/stepmother trying to drive a young girl insane in order to collect her share of an inheritance, but the story was so shallow



that the audience knew exactly how the film would end five minutes after the start.

1965 saw a completely different psychological drama from Hammer, different because it was the first in the series to be filmed in full colour and it didn't have a script by Jimmy Sangster. Hammer employed American writer Richard Matheson to adapt Anne Rice's novel *Nightmare* into a workable screenplay, the result was *Paranoid USA, aka, Die My Darling!* A young girl visits the mother of her dead fiance only to discover that mother is a religious psychotic who wants the girl to go through a mock wedding ceremony and join her son in paradise, but the young lady doesn't want to know, much to the disgust of the old lady. Veteran American actress Tallulah Bankhead stormed her way through the film as Mrs. Treloar (the lunatic mother) but sadly Stephanie Powers was thoroughly meek as the bride-to-be, and couldn't match up to Miss Bankhead's performance.

There were some nice supporting performances, notably from a very young Donald Sutherland as a lunatic odd-job man (in fact most of the staff employed at the house were mentally damaged in one way or another!). What made *Paranoid* different from its predecessor was the fact that there were no plot twists, no actual raptures and no real climax. It was a straight forward modern day adaptation of a gothic mystery story competently directed by Silvio Narizzano.

Freddie Francis returned to the company in 1965 to direct what was to be the last of his trilogy of psychological thrillers, *Hysteria*. Again scripted by Jimmy Sangster, it suffered not through lack of imagination (as in *Nightmare* or *Paranoid*) but because of too much. The plot was so intricate and complicated that it left the viewer non-plussed, with so many loose ends left hanging no one quite knew what had happened.

Released in England in June 1966, *Hysteria* attempted to tell the story of Christopher Smith, an American, who is suffering from amnesia after being involved in a road accident. Smith is discharged from hospital by his psychiatrist, Dr. Keller, and sets up house in a luxurious London flat that has been paid for by an anonymous benefactor. In reality, this is Dr. Keller who, through the intricacies of the script, has murdered his wife so that he can marry his mistress (Gemma). The body of Keller's wife is left in the flat's bathroom so that the murder can be pinned onto Smith who, under duress to Keller, has now regained his memory... Confused? You will be.

The opening scene of *Hysteria* seems quite promising, with director Freddie Francis using his camera techniques to good advantage and creating an atmosphere of sheer terror as Smith struggles to remember his past life, but,



Flamingo page from *Drive-Ins* goes out all the way in *Paranoid* (middle) and *Bottom* (Doris, Sullivan) and *Tallies* (Barthelme compare drives in *Paranoid*, right) (top) Stephen Powers compares and contrasts Sullivan's career with *Paranoid* (bottom). Ralph Bates, John Gessen and John Collins in a quiet moment from *Paranoid in the Night*.



because the plot is so involved, the atmosphere is completely lost. A shame, because this could have been a very good film. A good cast struggled to make something of it but it was a hopeless task, with Maurice Barthelemy (as Hammett), a down at heel, steady private detective stealing the film from everybody.

1965 will probably go down in Hammett's history as the year they persuaded one of Hollywood's biggest stars to appear in one of their films. Miss Kate Davis accepted the lead role in Jimmy Sangster's adaptation of Evelyn Fisher's novel *The Nanny*, but only on condition that it would be directed by Seth Holt. *The Nanny* turned out to be a minor classic because of Miss Davis' acting ability and Holt's masterly direction, and with a very strong supporting cast. The production just couldn't fail, and indeed the critics raved over the film when it was released in October of 1965. Miss Davis played the part of a children's nanny who isn't quite right in the head and who has a peculiar talent for inducing people to commit suicide or to bring about heart attacks, as in the case of Jill Bennett. William Dix played Joey, the little boy who Nanny looks after, and was superb in his debut acting role; he is the only one who realises that Nanny isn't the ideal babysitter.

Seth Holt was again acclaimed for his work on *The Nanny*, and it was his direction rather than Sangster's script that made it into the minor classic it is regarded as today.

*The Nanny* saw the end of the first cycle of Psycho-inspired productions and it wasn't until 1972 that another film surfaced. Alan Gibson's *Crossroads*. As in earlier productions of the type, Jimmy Sangster supplied the script, which appeared to tell over from the 1960s. With the relaxation of censorship in the 70s, the film seemed to be an appropriate vehicle for nudity and drug abuse, but in fact the only notable thing(s) about the film is Stephanie Powers showing a hair of a lot more than she ever did in the abysmal TV show *Hair to the Root*, and I'm not talking about acting ability. A total waste of time, money and acting ability.

Hammett's last two suspense films were made back to back at Drive Studios in late 1972. It was the idea of Michael Carreras to release both films, *Fear in the Night* and *Straight on Till Morning*, as a double bill under the collective title of *Women in Fear*. The double bill release was not a success, in fact neither film stood a chance at the boxoffice as 1971 the distributors withdrew them from release after only three weeks on the circuit.

*Straight on Till Morning* is a good example of a director (Peter Collinson) trying to make something out of a script which was probably not there, resulting in an utter failure of a workable idea which, in itself, shows a complete inability to



(Top) Susan Sarandon gets a taste of fear  
(bottom) Peter Vaughan advances menacingly, armed with knife and sandwich  
in *Fear*.



understand what the game means. *Fear* is the Night, on the other hand, clearly shows that Sangster who wrote the script, directed and produced, is a master at creating suspense out of what is basically old hat.

#### **Straighten the Morning and Fear in the Night**

"Both films study a woman in fear, a fear created with a threat with the loneliness and eventual terror in the jungle is that is life in the big city today"

Michael Carreras.

A good workable idea one would think, but Peter Collinson had different ideas and saw *Straighten the Morning* as being full of pathos mixed with terror. More importantly he also saw the film as more than just a fear picture. "I hope to give a documentary flavour by having the camera observe rather than me direct" This attempt at making the film more up market just fails, as the plot is too far removed from normal life to film as a kitchen sink drama. Collinson has his camera linger on the things we actually go to the cinema to get away from - the sleazy world of bed titans and Wimpy bars is hardly entertaining and, even on the lowest level the film fails. As a case book study of loneliness the plot plods on, things happen to the leading character, horrible things but we just don't care. Brenda Thompson (Rita Tushingham) does not earn our sympathy, or even our sorrow, she is just not real enough for that. If there is anything valid in John Pasco's song it is lost in Collinson's hands, for he mangles the length of many scenes, forcing any interest into the ground and making what seems to be a simple story (and a human interest story at that) into a seemingly endless stream of camera images held together by the theme of pity. Aside from Collinson's documentary approach, the film also suffers from being based on a stage play (most scenes are shot on three or four feet) whilst the location shots are of no real value other than showing us that this is happening today. What we have here is just an indifferent story, badly filmed by a director whose talents and judgement are in question. The one good thing, and perhaps in a small way a saving grace for the film, is a performance from Shane Bryant as Peter, who injects more sympathy than Rita Tushingham's ineptly played Brenda (who is after all the heroine). Her role is, to be sure, an actor's role, needing more style and ability than she can give. Little she can be said of the film, it does not thrill or entertain and is the main bore to viewers.

If *Straighten the Morning* is a modern suspense film then one must only praise Jimmy Sangster for making *Fear* in the Night a good old fashioned fear film. Sangster understands this genre, although he did make a mess of a few

films during the 60s, and knows not to mess around with such trendy ideas as documentary fantasy. Where Collinson goes far wrong is on the point of losing his audience Sangster opts for atmosphere and stylishly built up shots which still retaining the all-important factor of believability, and this is the main difference in their respective styles. Sangster's script is not aimed at realism but concerns itself with a suspenseful tale that gets you interested in something that is unlikely to every really happen but which you watch it on the screen is pretty damned believable.

*Fear in the Night* tells of newly wed Peggy Haller who has recently recovered from a nervous breakdown. She is attacked in her room one night while waiting for her husband (Robert) to return home. He has been given a new job as assistant headmaster in a boys' school in the country and it is here that Peggy will be going to live, but because of her recent illness neither her landlady nor her husband call the police after the attack because they believe the assailant with the artificial arm that she tells of exists only in her mind.

Peggy and Robert drive out to the country school and are given a cottage to live in, and, though Peggy likes her new home, she remains uneasy, for everything is so clean and quiet that she finds it difficult to believe that any boys attend the school.

Whilst walking round the empty school she comes across the headmaster, who seems nice enough if a little odd, and as Peggy leaves she fails to notice that the headmaster has an artificial arm. She wanders back to the cottage thinking that Robert has returned from a trip to London, and she enters the house only to be attacked by the unknown man again. Later when Robert hears of this he advises her once again not to call in the police.

When walking in the woods the following day Peggy comes across a wild rabbit which is suddenly shot and killed only a few metres away from her. Molly Carmichael comes out of hiding and goes up the dead animal, they exchange a few words but Peggy takes an instant dislike to her and her friend-out sculptures that she later sees. Peggy is now so nervous of being left alone that Robert has to leave his shotgun, soon after there is another attack, but this time Peggy manages to shoot the man before running into the school. On opening the door however she finds nothing but a tape recorder. The headmaster returns, enters the room and she sees his false arm - in terror she shoots him.

On Robert's return he is unable to get Peggy to speak, so goes to see Molly (we learn they are lovers, who plan to have Peggy removed from the school) and he reveals that he is not in fact a teacher but mental nurse to the headmaster. He explains that the school has had no pupils

for the last five years, and a fire destroyed Michael Carmichael's sanity and he left wife Robert and Molly needing to know where the headmaster is and, after attempting to break her silence with threats, they decide to kill Peggy and leave a suicide note which will admit her guilt of killing the head. They are interrupted by the tugging of the school bell and realize that Michael must still be alive. In the chaos that follows Robert mistakenly kills Molly and Peggy ends up trapped in the gym by her husband, who is about to kill her when he is attacked and killed by Michael. The headmaster had known of the plot all along and had replaced the cartridges in Peggy's gun with blanks. Later Peggy is questioned by the police outside the school but is too shocked to say anything. From inside the school comes the sound of her sobs.

At its worst *Fear in the Night* is a cliché-ridden affair, with the headmaster being nothing but a red herring. Robert's opportune visits away from the school every time the false alarm main strike does not keep us guessing for long, and one senses who the intruder is long before Sangster decides to show us. How many times have townships such as the town used on film? Both *Hill's House of Fear* concerned itself with the same thing (people trying to drive other people mad) but it does not matter if you do guess who is the villain in since the film has much to offer, particularly in its performance of Judy Geeson, Ralph Bates and the old master himself Peter Cushing, an excellent although John Collins leaves a lot to be desired. *Antip* Grant's camera wanders smoothly through Don Peters's wonderland if said creating added tension to the narrative and Sangster handled his team with care and style, making a cliché-ridden story into a highly successful blend of mounting fear and well written characters.

[M] **Fear in the Night** was based on a script that Sangster had written for Hammer in the mid sixties, *The Claw*, which was basically the same story but took place on a river boat moored at the Thames.

So there you have it: ten films based on the same theme—*...assault and murder*. Although many other production companies produced films of the same type during the same period (notably *Amecus* and *William Castle*), only Hammer managed to make them into a workable series, even if the majority of them were bad.

Arthur Hitchcock and Psychophysics let to answer for and it will be interesting to see if Psycho II has the same effect upon the film, audience.

Hammer fans can look forward to the continuation of **The History of Hammer - 1955 to 1960** with *Dracula, Prince of Darkness* and *One Million Years BC* in issue 32.

# HAMMER'S PSYCHO MOVIES

## checked

Prof. Jeremy Hargreaves, The Hawththorne School,  
Chesham, Bucks, UK. E-mail: j.hargreaves@hthorpe.sch.uk

[illegible]

**Supporters:** (left) David Knight (as Henry Martin) Moore Redmond (as Grace Marshall), James Conlon (as Janet), George Joyce (as Mary), (center) George A. Cooper (as Janet) with (from left) Richard Ayres (as Janet), and Timothy Harrison (as Frankie Francis), Paul Worsley (as George), Peter Fitt (as Janet), and Alan Bates (as Janet).

© 1999 by The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Patricia Sanderson and Mrs. Freda Elmslie  
 present the Authors' Club Party. Miss Virginia  
 and Mrs. Sanderson. Mrs. Elmslie. Mrs. Elmslie.  
 Mrs. Elmslie. Mrs. Elmslie. Mrs. Elmslie.

Dr. Ellen Matkunas Ford Anthony Mink, Sr. from the novel *Lightyears* by Anne Blumfeld, by Richard Matkunas, Ph.D. Author Matkunas was: Wilfred Janssen, Ed James Hanks and John Bonifant Matkunas Ray Adams and Michael Mink. (See Ford Matkunas Matkunas)

10. *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1990, 85, 1039-1044.

	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	2100	2101	2102	2103	2104	2105	2106	2107	2108	2109	2110	2111	2112	2113	2114	2115	2116	2117	2118	2119	2120	2121	2122	2123	2124	2125	2126	2127	2128	2129	2130	2131	2132	2133	2134	2135	2136	2137	2138	2139	2140	2141	2142	2143	2144	2145	2146	2147	2148	2149	2150	2151	2152	2153	2154	2155	2156	2157	2158	2159	2160	2161	2162	2163	2164	2165	2166	2167	2168	2169	2170	2171	2172	2173	2174	2175	2176	2177	2178	2179	2180	2181	2182	2183	2184	2185	2186	2187	2188	2189	2190	2191	2192	2193	2194	2195	2196	2197	2198	2199	2200	2201	2202	2203	2204	2205	2206	2207	2208	2209	2210	2211	2212	2213	2214	2215	2216	2217	2218	2219	2220	2221	2222	2223	2224	2225	2226	2227	2228	2229	2230	2231	2232	2233	2234	2235	2236	2237	2238	2239	2240	2241	2242	2243	2244	2245	2246	2247	2248	2249	2250	2251	2252	2253	2254	2255	2256	2257	2258	2259	2260	2261	2262	2263	2264	2265	2266	2267	2268	2269	2270	2271	2272	2273	2274	2275	2276	2277	2278	2279	2280	2281	2282	2283	2284	2285	2286	2287	2288	2289	2290	2291	2292	2293	2294	2295	2296	2297	2298	2299	2300	2301	2302	2303	2304	2305	2306	2307	2308	2309	2310	2311	2312	2313	2314	2315	2316	2317	2318	2319	2320	2321	2322	2323	2324	2325	2326	2327	2328	2329	2330	2331	2332	2333	2334	2335	2336	2337	2338	2339	2340	2341	2342	2343	2344	2345	2346	2347	2348	2349	2350	2351	2352	2353	2354	2355	2356	2357	2358	2359	2360	2361	2362	2363	2364	2365	2366	2367	2368	2369	2370	2371	2372	2373	2374	2375	2376	2377	2378	2379	2380	2381	2382	2383	2384	2385	2386	2387	2388	2389	2390	2391	2392	2393	2394	2395	2396	2397	2398	2399	2400	2401	2402	2403	2404	2405	2406	2407	2408	2409	2410	2411	2412	2413	2414	2415	2416	2417	2418	2419	2420	2421	2422	2423	2424	2425	2426	2427	2428	2429	2430	2431	2432	2
--	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	---

Robert Weiler (as Smith), Lella Golder (as  
Cristina), Anthony Newlands (as Keller),  
Jennifer Jason (as Greta), Margot Carmichael (as  
Margaret).

Die Freie Presse, Frankfurt, 18. Juni  
Bürgerl. Fr. Zeit. Wiesbaden, 18. Juni  
Ld. Zeitung Wiesbaden  
Die M. O. M. Zeitung, Wiesbaden

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 105–112

Herta and Paul Amirani: Wendy Ching (as  
 Miriam), Jill Barovani (as Penelope), James  
 Morris (as Ben Faval), Maurice Benham (as Dr.  
 Zimmerman), William Du (as Jerry), Pamela  
 Foxworth (as Rosalyn) with Jack Harding and  
 Robert Horton

Dr. Reginald Pridmore, Jimmy Douglas, Dr. Harry Worman, Mrs. Richard Rodney Bennett, Dr. James Smith and Tom Higgins. From Ford: Anthony Hladik.

	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	2100	2101	2102	2103	2104	2105	2106	2107	2108	2109	2110	2111	2112	2113	2114	2115	2116	2117	2118	2119	2120	2121	2122	2123	2124	2125	2126	2127	2128	2129	2130	2131	2132	2133	2134	2135	2136	2137	2138	2139	2140	2141	2142	2143	2144	2145	2146	2147	2148	2149	2150	2151	2152	2153	2154	2155	2156	2157	2158	2159	2160	2161	2162	2163	2164	2165	2166	2167	2168	2169	2170	2171	2172	2173	2174	2175	2176	2177	2178	2179	2180	2181	2182	2183	2184	2185	2186	2187	2188	2189	2190	2191	2192	2193	2194	2195	2196	2197	2198	2199	2200	2201	2202	2203	2204	2205	2206	2207	2208	2209	2210	2211	2212	2213	2214	2215	2216	2217	2218	2219	2220	2221	2222	2223	2224	2225	2226	2227	2228	2229	2230	2231	2232	2233	2234	2235	2236	2237	2238	2239	2240	2241	2242	2243	2244	2245	2246	2247	2248	2249	2250	2251	2252	2253	2254	2255	2256	2257	2258	2259	2260	2261	2262	2263	2264	2265	2266	2267	2268	2269	2270	2271	2272	2273	2274	2275	2276	2277	2278	2279	2280	2281	2282	2283	2284	2285	2286	2287	2288	2289	2290	2291	2292	2293	2294	2295	2296	2297	2298	2299	2300	2301	2302	2303	2304	2305	2306	2307	2308	2309	2310	2311	2312	2313	2314	2315	2316	2317	2318	2319	2320	2321	2322	2323	2324	2325	2326	2327	2328	2329	2330	2331	2332	2333	2334	2335	2336	2337	2338	2339	2340	2341	2342	2343	2344	2345	2346	2347	2348	2349	2350	2351	2352	2353	2354	2355	2356	2357	2358	2359	2360	2361	2362	2363	2364	2365	2366	2367	2368	2369	2370	2371	2372	2373	2374	2375	2376	2377	2378	2379	2380	2381	2382	2383	2384	2385	2386	2387	2388	2389	2390	2391	2392	2393	2394	2395	2396	2397	2398	2399	2400	2401	2402	2403	2404	2405	2406	2407	2408	2409	2410	2411	2412	2413	2414	2415	2416	2417	2418	2419	2420	2421	2422	2423	2424	2425	2426	2427	2428	2429	2430	2431	2432	2
--	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	---

George J. Fung (see Susan Fung), James  
Owen (see Margaret Litwack), Margaret Hood  
(see Gerald Fung), Jerry Lippstein (see  
Lithuanian Jews Alliance (see Charles Fung)),  
Bernie (see Catherine)

Dr. John G. Johnson, President, Johnson & Johnson, Inc., New York; Jurgens, with Alfred Schnitzler, President, Paulsen; Mrs. Katherine Williams, Ed. Chris Brown.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 103–110

Robert Sturdevant, *San Francisco Appellate*; Ronald  
Tamm, *San Diego Appellate*; John Tard, *San Jose Appellate*;  
Christopher Loring, *Or. Appellate*

Dr. Santa Fe, Prof. Dr. Jimmy Gonzalez, Ph.D. Douglas Hernandez, Mrs. Clifton Parker, Ed James Woods (Vice Pres) Michael Carreras, 6 Columbia Avenue, El Paso

[illegible]

Harvest Industries Ltd (Scott Cairns), Pacific Corp  
Inc (Paul), Donald Macdonald Inc (George)  
Lalonde, Brown Inc (George)

Mr. Michael Cameron (President)	James
Mr. Robert A. Miller (Vice President)	James
Mr. Robert A. Miller (Vice President)	James

[illegible]

**Table 1**

(*Star Wars*) as (Liam): Jarrod Sacks as (Anakin); Alexander Omond as (Yoda); Stephen Graham as (Jedi Council); Shaila Burrell as (Marina); John Murray as (Darth Vader); with Lakana Bayona, Colin Tapley.

Year	Population	Population	Population	Population	Population	Population
1990	100	100	100	100	100	100
2000	100	100	100	100	100	100
2010	100	100	100	100	100	100
2020	100	100	100	100	100	100
2030	100	100	100	100	100	100
2040	100	100	100	100	100	100
2050	100	100	100	100	100	100
2060	100	100	100	100	100	100
2070	100	100	100	100	100	100
2080	100	100	100	100	100	100
2090	100	100	100	100	100	100
2100	100	100	100	100	100	100

**Wright On TV Morning (1972)**  
 Rex Furbusham (as Drifter) Shave Beard (as  
 March Foot Ball (as Jimmy Lindsay) Anna  
 Ross (as Lori) Raine Myles (as Corinne)  
 James Blyden (as Joseph) with Clem Kelly and  
 Michael Brown

Dr. Peter Gellman Ford May Haggis, MD, Michael Pennock, PA, Brian Probyn MD, Richard Stone, MD, Anne Smith, MD, Paul

**Richard Carrison**  
 400 N. 1st Avenue, Milwaukee

[illegible]

Judy Weaver has Peggy Miller, Ralph Baker, Les Robert, Albert Fries, Frank Conroy, Les Michener, Camille Paul, John Collins, Gus Miller.

Department	with Office	Level	and	Address
Division				
City				
State				
Zip				

President: David P. McKeown  
Vice President: John McCann  
Secretary: David P. McKeown  
Treasurer: John McCann



# CLASSIC GORE

Reviews:

## THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE DEATH TRAP HALLOWEEN DERANGED

FRIDAY THE 13<sup>th</sup>

### Review by John Fleming

**T**he British term *cult* can take it "an explanation film which is about terror."

*The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* has been banned in this country. But it has been drawing the crowds in the US with a poster that says AMERICA'S MOST BIZARRE AND BRUTAL CRIMES - WHAT HAPPENED IS TRUE. NOW THE MOTION PICTURE THAT'S JUST AS REAL-WHO WILL SURVIVE AND WHAT WILL BE LEFT OF THEM?

In first British screening was at a British Film Institute members-only show during last year's London Film Festival. Ken Wlaschin, festival director had doubts about screening it. "For sheer horror and fright, the film makes *Psycho* look tame."

The movie opens with a black screen. On the soundtrack there are crunching, bone-crushing sounds. A flash of a skeleton on the screen. Then back to black. A flash of pulped flesh. Black. A grumbling hand. Black. A mangled corpse. Black. Black and quick visceral flashes of decomposing bodies.

Then a beautiful summer day. Crop, clear, close photography. With a voice on the radio talking about grave-robbings. There are corpses missing. And then we see two sweaty decomposing bodies, apparently impaled on a pointed gravestone obelisk.

Then the credits.  
The sun of the sun seen through a red filter. Sunspots. Enormous flames leaping up off the surface of the sun. With the credits printed neatly over them.

Then into the full yellow orb of the sun.

And a dead armadillo.  
And there are three five families young people. Two all-American boys. Two all-American girls. And Franklin, a big fat crotch in a wheelchair who's in the film to be laughed at.

At this point in a horror film, you'd expect someone to say, "Hey, Harry, there's something wrong with the radio!" Instead, one of the girls sets up the traditional scene of unsex to talking about the malevolent formation of the planets. Saturn's in a bad position, man. It's going to be a rotten day.

And then rolls day starts when they pick up an evil-looking, mentally-retarded back-biter who starts talking about slaughterhouses. "My family's always been in meat," he says.

He develops a liking for Franklin's knife. He takes it and cuts open his palm. Then he takes out a razor and slashes Franklin's forearm. The horrified all-American kids throw out their hatch-biker. He dunks his blood on the side of their van. Shades of *Wuth* With the Devil?

Looking in an astrology magazine, the youngster discover that—yes—you're going to be an unpredictable day.

Franklin's arm is bandaged.

The youngster stop at a gas station and ask directions to "The Old Franklin Place." The gas station owners eyes widen as if they'd asked for *Dezual's* Cattle. "The Old Franklin Place?" he says.

But they do find it. And two of the

youngsters, Kirk and Pam, wander over to a neighbouring farm through a field of sunflowers. Artificial, huh? At the farm, they find two '70s, an American sedan and a truck hidden under cover. (Remember the legend car pool in *Psycho*?) Oh, they also find a human tooth on the porch.

Kirk, who obviously hasn't seen *Psycho*, goes into the house. There's the snuffing, squealing, odd sound of a pig. And as the wall are torn *Psycho's* stuffed birds but mounted animal heads. And then a hammer smashes through Kirk's skull and he shudders and shakes, dying on the floor as the killer drags him off.

Pam, obviously more too intelligent, approaches the house. And goes inside. She trips up and falls into a room.

The floor is covered with thousands of feathers. Human bones. Skulls. Heads. Legs. Arms. Dangling around the room. And a hen in a birdie's cage. She's in the murderer's workshop. She starts, screaming. She's grabbed by a man. He lifts her and takes her to a large, gleaming, carved-gold butcher's block. He hangs her up almost-madly, the hook going in her back and up inside her body. As the knife there screaming, he picks up a power saw and bashes over Kirk's dead body. He starts to sever the limbs.

Meanwhile, back at The Old Franklin Place, Sally and Jerry and Franklin offer a bit of light relief. Then Jerry, who has obviously read the script thoroughly, wanders off across the fields towards a very large man, low in the sky. Remember the planets? Sally and Franklin are left talking about the malevolence of Saturn and, well, all the planets. It's a pretty unappreciable day so far, huh?

Anyway, Jerry eventually returns to the same farm that Kirk and Pam found. He knows they've been there because of a coat left on the porch. And he hears strange giggling-laughing sounds coming from inside the house. A sound that's a cross between a whistle and a screech.

He must be pretty dumb. He goes into the house. "Would you go in?"

There's this humming sound coming from the freezer. Jerry opens the lid. Pam, watching in death, springs up out of the freezer.

Jerry runs to run away and our friendly mascot puts a hammer through his skull.

Now comes, so you might have guessed, quiet (horrible) time.

We see the white moon up in the black sky. Then left so it's night-time and sounds in about three malevolent heavily bodied.

There's only Sally and Franklin left back at the old place now. And they're beginning to wonder where their friends have got to. Especially since their friends have the agonous legs for the van.

So off Sally and Franklin go through the undergrowth looking for the others. Sally walking, Franklin in his wheelchair. The trouble is Franklin thinks there's someone watching them, someone scarier than Franklin turns round and this maniac plunges a chainsaw into his chest. Mangles it in again. And again. And again. And again. The saw vibrating from side to side.

Sally runs off, screaming. The maniac chases her, sawing his way through the undergrowth. When he can't back off human limbs, he obviously makes do with



*Presumably 20 years old John Dugan was a man over 100 years old took over 200 working hours. Dugan's hair was wrapped with paper then a bald cap applied. At this time most shrouds provided major wrinkles. Plastic models of his teeth were made to fit over his real teeth to look like gums. Finally make-up and hair shrouds were applied on face, hands and neck.*



tree limbs and saplings.

The chase is on and it ends up at the maniac's white house (nearly not politics again?) Sally rushes inside and slams the door behind her. The maniac runs through it.

Sally rushes upstairs and finds an old couple in rocking chairs. But they're both decomposing. And their pet dog is just a skeleton with an animal hide thrown over it. The maniac is gawping on her.

She jumps through the first floor window. The maniac rushes downstairs. And the chase is on again. Through the undergrowth Sally screaming. The maniac following with his burning chain-saw.

Sally runs into the gas tank back to the gas station (Remember the gas station?) The owner is inside. She screams hysterically at him. He looks outside and says there's no-one there. He goes off to get a truck to take her to town. But he leaves the door open and Sally is alone. She looks at the open door and... Nothing happens.

Until the gasman comes back with his truck.

Fix a sack and a rope. He walks towards her.

Sally screams and picks up a knife. He knows it from her hand, then starts burning and beating her up with a broom. He binds and gag her and puts the sack over her head. He bundles her into the truck's cab and then...

He remembers the light's still on in the gas station. So back he goes to switch it off. He returns to the truck, still saying to the semi-conscious, hysterically wailing Sally, "The cost of electricity's enough to drive a man out of business."

He drives off, occasionally prodding Sally with a stick and baring his teeth at her.

As he approaches the maniac's house he sees a figure on the road. Gags who it's... the back-biter again. Good old Hach. The gasman gets out of the truck and starts beating up Hach. "I told you to stay away from that graveyard!" he shouts, as he beats on his car.

It turns out that the gasman and Hach and the chain-saw maniac are all one big happy family. But a family off screen because the chain-saw maniac had married up the front door trying to get at Sally.

Hach lets Sally in a chair. Then Hach and Chainsawman go upstairs to collect one of the decomposing bodies in the rocking chair. It's grandma. The family can sleep together says together.

They bring him down to meet Sally. Chainsawman picks up a knife and cuts her finger. Grandma runs out to be alone after a bath. And a very old lady is it. He starts sucking her blood. Sally faints.

At this point, to cover the movie with another point to show the passage of time. And remind us of those nasty plagues.

When Sally regains consciousness, she sees a dead animal, a human skull, three screaming maniacs and grandpa. The scene is beautifully lit by a dangling lightbulb inside a decomposing head.

Hach starts mocking gasman by saying he's just the cook. Gasman replies philosophically, "There are some things you gotta do. Don't mean you gotta like it." (A variation on "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.")

The family decide to give Sally to

grandpa. "He's the best killer this town has. And he's 3 minutes over."

They put a hammer in his hand and drag Sally over. But... Chainsawman keeps dropping the hammer. Although he does manage the occasional glancing blow and one direct, bloody hit to the back of the skull.

But Sally gets free and jumps out the window pursued by Hach and Chainsawman. Hach trots happily behind her, shaking her in the back with his mace.

The film ends soon afterwards.

After the Texas Chain Saw Massacre screening, the British film censor said there were plans to film a real-life light-on-the-death between a man and a shark. The cage was already being built in the Pacific. The man has been promised \$1 million. If he loses, it goes to his next of kin.

The Korean emperor arranged spectacles of death too.

**THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE (1974)**  
Marilyn Burns (as Sally). Allen Corbett (as Jerry). Paul A. Parton (as Franklin). William Vail (as Earl). Tom McMill (as Bert). Edson Noel (as The Hitch-Hiker). Jim Smedley (as The Old Man). Gorman Hamann (as Leatherstock). John Dugan (as Grandfather). Jerry Lums (as The Town Clown).  
CinPro. Tobe Hooper. For Mike Mankel and Tobe Hooper. Ph. Daniel Pearl. Ed. Sallya. Make-up and Larry Cornell. Mus. Tobe Hooper and Wayne Bell.  
A Newmarket Picture. Cert. X (London) (Ireland)

## DEATH TRAP

Review by David Pirie

Just about everything surrounding The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, the debut movie of Tobe Hooper, has made some kind of history. Jaws' accolades surrounded it like fleas (the set teems in vomit and blood, he was nearly crushed by the cast during shooting, an actress was ordered to work until she fainted from exhaustion. Even now at least one actor has sworn he will kill Hooper if he ever sees him again). The film itself became a legend (picked for the exclusive Criterion's *Forbidden* at the Cannes Film Festival it made a small fortune and attracted controversy wherever it was shown, including a knock-down drag-out preview debate at London's National Film Theatre from which few of the participants emerged with credit). But as a film, *Texas* seemed to work on a more prosaic level: the seriousness with which it was treated. Taken on any level except humour it doesn't add up to anything very much, but as a kind of scraped-up horror comedy in which every character was more revolting than the next, including (especially) the victim, *Texas* was a novelty. It took the "woman-in-peril" theme about as far as it could go, and soaked in decay with all the lurid enthusiasm and relish of an EC horror comic.

*Death Trap*, Tobe Hooper's new movie was awarded at the Cannes Film Festival in 1976 and it seems to prove the point that Hooper is far closer to William M. Gaines

than George Romero. In fact all the evidence suggests that *Death Trap* was partly inspired by an EC story, a Jack Davis swamp-horror opus in the January "House of Fear" for 1954 called *Cannery Chilling*. The settings and central character are identical and the film is very recognizably set in EC's decaying swamp-land, populated with degenerate citizens, crumpling insectoid-like sharks and hungry alligators.

The budget is obviously low but Hooper makes up for it by the same device he used on *Texas*—of transforming the entire action into one impossibly prolonged shock/horror climax.

When some colleagues of mine turned up for the last twenty minutes, and said they were glad to see the climax, I had difficulty in explaining to them that the entire film was exactly like that. It was all climax!

There is no real plot to speak of. A prostitute is thrown out of the local whore-house for not behaving herself and finds herself in the heart of the swamp-land with nowhere to go for help except to a decaying shack which turns out, laughably, to be an ancient cannal. The set, specially built in Hollywood, looks spectacular if only, a dark bulk of a building surrounded by blackened trees and knee-high mud. The ludicrous climax makes a point of the girl and then wastes no time in making her the first of a long string of victims for which he utilizes anything to hand, especially his long scythe and the friendly alligator under the porch. Gradually, for unexplained reasons, other women arrive at the shack including an ugly couple with a repulsive child in line with *Texas* few of these people have any redeeming features, and the young husband in particular is a temporary psychotic creep. All of them fall victim to their host who glazes and roasts his way through the movie, turning up the radio in the hall to hide the screams and moans as a crazed loping run, imitating the sharp and lethal scythe. One woman is tied up in the small room, others fall foul (in close-up) of the scythe or the alligator. Only the little girl manages to crawl underneath the house where she remains, screaming her head off, as the alligator snags at her more increasing limbs.

Help is at hand in the unlikely form of Stuart Whitman, playing the local sheriff, but his intervention does not come till the last few minutes by which time few characters remain and the little girl is impaled on the top of a fence only inches away from the alligator's clicking jaws. Finally the old man becomes a victim of his pot and only his artificial limb breaks the surface of the water in a neat and explicit reference to the legend of Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*.

As the last touch suggests *Death Trap* is very much a kid's movie for adults (though it will be interesting to see what confidence it gets in the more liberal climate of America). Hooper quarreled violently with his producer and is reported to be



*Death Trap*: top, Victor Casarin, Stuart Whitman; Death Trapper Victor Brand; below, on receiving one of Brand's scythes, victim Neil Parker



anxiety with the way the film was edited to probably won't help his career, but certainly deserves a showing.

#### DEATH TRAP (1978)

Victor Brand (as Asaf), Stuart Whitman (Sheriff) Marlene, Carolyn Jones (Mrs. Kane), Neil Parker (Barney Reed), William Kelly (Ray), with Crystal Balloun, Roberta Collins, Robert England, Jean Lynne and Kyle Richards. Directed by Tobe Hooper. Produced by Martin Warner, Co-Produced by Al Rusk. Executive Producer Michaelson Reizen. No British Censorate

## DERANGED

Review by John Fleming

**T**he British Board of Film Censors didn't like it at all. Towards the end of *Deranged*, a naked girl is hung upside down. She is suspended from the roof of a barn by ropes tied around her ankles. The killer then inserts a knife into her and, starting at the top, lets her open. The blood flows down over her breasts and the censor's heart skipped a beat.

Blood flowing on breasts is a 'trigger image' for rapists. The whole sequence has been cut out of the film.

*Deranged* is a rather mundane tale considering it comes from the team that unleashed *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things*. Alan Corbly, co-writer, star and ghoul make-up expert on *Children*, scripted, made-up and co-directed (with Jeff Gillen) *Deranged*.

Presumably Jeff Gillen is the Jeffrey Gillen who co-starred in *Children*. Jack MacGowan photographed both films.

And the fact that *Children's* co-producer was Gary Bork, while *Deranged's* assistant director was Ken Coch and Martin Gillen makes it seem as if there's a ghoulish collection of friends somewhere in middle America.

The film is based on the same real-life incident that inspired *Psycho* and the banned *Texas Chain-Saw Massacre*. Handyman Ed Gein was arrested in 1957 after mutilating, murdering, mannequining, eating and generally not being nice to local people.

*Deranged* an otherwise superb little film, opens with an awful in-voice narrator who claims to be Tom Sims (the credits say he's Leslie Carlson), a newspaper columnist who covered the real events. This film isn't for the squeamish, as he says, "Nothing has been left to the imagination."

Simple Eric Cobb (played by Roberta Blomquist) is a two-bit American farmer who looks like a cross between Sir Bernard Miles and a Deafun victim. His paralysed mother is dying. Women are vermin, she tells him. The wages of sin are a nasty rotten disease. Don't trust any woman except Maurine Selby—who's fat,

And let it be friendly

Eve laddies an obscenous green soup into his mother's mouth. She starts choking. The green bile like soup bubbles from her mouth then turns blood red. *Murder in the Head*!

And turned. But Ears can't cope. He gives up farming his mind gone. He becomes a local handyman. A year later, he hears his mother's voice telling him to bring her home.

He digs up her coffin. There she is. Her face, her clothes, everything exactly as it was in life. She is even faintly smiling. He happily clasps her white-gloved hand – and her arm comes off. Eve's teeth back and sees his mother as she really is – a decomposed, rotting pulp.

He takes her home, lays her on her old bed and finally breathes her. "Till then, you put me back together like that old egg in the fairy tale," he says. The camera pans across the room. There, standing in the corridor, is the narrator. He explains Ears decided to use real men for the re-animator.

The narrator runs the film, but don't blame the British distributors. They have wisely cut out as much of him as possible. His story couldn't cut out his tongue. We can only assume he is some attempted joke that mother. Because in fact, *Decomposed* is intentionally a rare, very funny movie.

The film is amazingly believable. Whereas *The Texas Chainsaw Saw Massacre* is just plain silly, *Decomposed* is effectively humorous, nasty and, in some places, sexy. All the characters are superbly underplayed, particularly a magnificently technical drunk, and Robina Bloomson's central performance as Eve. He is a great re-actor. He wanders through the film with a slightly puffed expression on his face. He's a perfectly drunk, open, innocent simplicité and sedate.

Throughout the movie he tells his neighbours exactly what he is doing, but they won't believe him. Oh, after a food, they say. Old Ears's going to dig up his ex-Sunday School teacher because his dead mother needs a new face. That's one, that Ears. No he he.

Eve does his toilet and peeing out to water her friendly neighbour Sally. He speaks in his, he says he talks to his mother.

"Mr Cobb, are you making fun of me?" Maurine asks.

"No, ma'am," says Ears, who would never dream of lying.

Well you see, says Maurine, she talks to her dead husband. He was out and to death in a car accident. Say, who don't we have a four-year season? Her husband never met Mrs Cobb. Ears goes home to mother and tells her he has chubby women but is afraid he might get stuck in all that fat and he doesn't think Maurine is all there – you know – up there."

But he goes back to see her for the reason. Her husband's spirit speaks through Maurine. Ears that, being decomposed,

it means the – ahem – "coral aspect" of marriage. Perhaps Ears can help? "Make my wife a woman again," says Maurine. Maurine undresses her given.

Ears decides he does like her woman and they go off to the bedroom but he's not quite sure what to do. Then he remembers the wages of sin, that nasty social disease and how all women are vermin. Maurine undresses Ears's shirt and finds a gun. He can feel his finger on the trigger. He starts two bullets through her head, then takes her home to his mother for companionship.

Ears's next victim is Mary Ramsom, a sweet, young farmhand whom he lures to his isolated house. When she awakes in his home, alone, she finds cluttered, undressed shoes, animal bones and a stuffed bear. She hears a squealing noise and goes into a small room. On the floor she sees a decomposing skull. Staggering back, she stumbles across a group of five corpses wearing granny-dresses, sitting in chairs with tea-cups on their laps. Then she sees one of the corpses is alive. It is Ears wearing a dress, wig and face-makeup of dead human skin. Mary tries to escape but is caught and is treated to tea time with the various decomposing bodies Ears has collected. He has decided to marry Mary. He plays music on a drum made of belly-stuff using a leg bone as a drumstick. "I'm just trying to show you I got talents," he says.

After a lot of fondle and fumble, Mary manages to smash Ears on the head with a bottle and tries unsuccessfully to escape. He nuzzles after her in slow motion. Part of the chase has been cut by the British distributors because, they say, "it looked bloody silly."

Mary is caught and Ears bludgeons her very very bloodily to death with his metal legbone. He savagely tells his two closest neighbours that the Mary Ramsom reported missing is really dead in his house with his old Sunday School teacher, his mother and a few other corpses. But they don't believe him. However, they do begin to worry when he tells their son's girlfriend. Incidentally, as Ears gets older, he get victims get younger!

Young Sally works in the local butcher's, butcher and cornet shop. One day, alone with her Ears loads one of the rifles lying about a no time at her. She smiles at him then creeps onto the floor as the bullet hits her.

He takes Sally wounded on the temple back towards his place in his truck but she escapes in the woods. Her boyfriend and his father are hunting in these woods. There are traps set everywhere. As a terrified Sally runs and stumbles through the forest, one of the steel traps snaps shut on her ankle. Ears is coming – she can hear him.

She hides in the bushes. Ears sees the chain attached to the trap. He pulls on the chain and the trap's steel jaws pull Sally out by the ankle. Ears raises his gun and

fires. This time Sally is very dead.

By now, her friends have discovered that she is missing and that Ears was the last person to see her. They rush out to the farm where they discovered that both Ears and the British Censor have been cutting out some very, very nasty bits and pieces.

*Decomposed* is a joy. So only for such lovers of the grotesque, Tommy Cooper or Les Dawson. Not at all a special horror film but a really straight terror picture whose horrors are underplayed, understated, humourous but it will leave the normal exploitation movie.

**DECOMPOSED (1974)**

Links: Carolee Lee. The Narrator: Robert Bloomson (as Eve Cobb) with Maurine Sally, Mary Ramsom and Corinne Lee.

Prod: Tim Barr, Dir: Jeff Gillen and Alan Crowley. Scr: Alan Crowley. Ph: Jack McDermott, Op Effects: Alan Crowley and Tim Barr.

An American-International Picture. Cert. X. 10 mins. £10 in US.

## HALLOWEEN

### Review

by Anthony Tate

**H**alloween is the flagrantest case of Psycho. Not everyone is prepared to admit this, but let's face facts. Of all the psycho-slasher films in recent years, Halloween remains not only the best of the bunch, but also the most original in its approach. Nobody here, least of all University of Southern California graduate John Carpenter, that his film would go on to gross in excess of \$5 million dollars on a negative cost of \$25,000 dollars, thereby making it the most profitable video-adapted production of all time.

Previously Carpenter had played a major part in the making of a slasher. *The Descent of Bruce Billy*, which was set on a witch Academy Award in 1970 and had completed a film at USC with classmates Dan O'Bannon's untitled *Dark Star*. This was later finished out to feature length and shown at Cannes in 1974. Bad distribution however allowed the film to drift into near obscurity until later years and it took his next film, the superb *Assault on Precinct 13* to break the ice. Ignored in the United States, it was hailed by the critics at the London Film Festival in 1977 and (then) *Rebels*, who released *Assault* in America, was in attendance. He offered Carpenter an idea which he called *The Hallowe'en Murders* and he accepted, turning it into what we all know now to be *Halloween*.

The basic premise of the story revolves around one Michael Myers, who in 1963 at the age of six, brutally kills his sister Judith. Coming out of it in a mentally unstable state – not that he was all there to begin with – he spends the next 15

years in South Georgia Mental Hospital under the supervision of Dr. Loomis (a crisp performance from Donald Pleasence). On October 30th 1978, however, Michael escapes... The rest of the film is taken up with Michael's murderous mischief as he singles out a young girl named Laurie (Jamie Lee Curtis) for the culmination (we are led to believe) of his escapade and with Loomis' frantic search for The Shape.

Carpenter assembled a fine cast which gave Jamie Lee Curtis her first important role and she handles it well. Nancy Loomis gives a fairly believable - well, how believable are teenagers depicted in American movies usually? - performance, yet the film belongs, in many ways, to Donald Pleasence who conveys Loomis' feelings of guilt and remorse feeling that he is responsible for Michael and is almost responsible for his death, in a way that only an actor of his depth could.

*Halloween* is a standout amongst the kind of film in its cinematic technique, using a panoply of camera to superb effect, lending, as it does it, to reveal a feeling of personal horror and fear, a sense of cumulative menace (so very prominent in *Pulpit*).

The precision photography by Dean Cundy is framed with an artistic hand not often seen even in the best of genre flicks. The music too adds to a general sense of menace in its repetitive pulsing sounds which adds, one might say, an almost childlike concept of *Halloween* with "link or trail" being the most sinister aspect of the holiday now brought to the fore in a sedate twist of elements.

It is not without flaws. It is perhaps a little too long - just a little. Occasionally it is annoyingly intrusive in what we the audience feel it should be saving or showing. So many of the mysteries we wanted to find out the answers to, were not revealed until the disappointing sequel. *Halloween II*, in a haphazard and dismissed series. There is a subconscious urge on the part of the audience when viewing to tie into the loss of death personified the indestructible form of the Final Sleep? Dr. Loomis pumpabulizes into The Shape (in addition to his previous vendetta yet he still lives. When Loomis looks to see the supposedly dead Michael, fallen from the balcony he never there. Not seen weeping away, but just vanished).

The series, like so many based on a good original concept, looks like it is doomed to the road of mediocrity, though to be fair, *Halloween III - Season of the Witch* (not truly a sequel) is fairly original in its presentation and a definite cut above the second films. But let us remember how the original stood, a credit to all who were involved, proving that on a limited budget you can make a film of intelligence and integrity from subject matter that does not always warrant the care it receives.

#### HALLOWEEN (1978)

Donald Pleasence (as Dr. Loomis), Jamie Lee Curtis (as Laurie), Nancy Loomis (as Annie), P.J. Soles (as Jennifer), Charles Cyphers (as Brodski), Kyle Richards (as Lindsey), Brian Andrews (as Tommy), Meg Castle (as Ph. Shape), with John Michael Graham and Nancy Stephens. Directed by John Carpenter, Produced by Debra Hill, Screenplay by Carpenter and Bill Hays, Cinematography by Dean Cundy, Music by John Carpenter, Edited by Tommy Wallace and Charles Bonastia. A Campus International Pictures Release of a Campus International Production 88 minutes Carl X.

## FRIDAY THE 13th

### Review

by Anthony Tate

If *Halloween* was the film which first psycho-shocked an audience in a love of art, the *Friday the 13th* was the film that brought things back into perspective. Produced like *Halloween* on a low budget, it was a surprising success at the box-office, backed for the first time by the distribution of a major studio, Paramount. It was the big league interest that began to disturb a number of wise individuals who sat up and said, "Well a minute, we're watching a fast-track movie concerning brutal murders and butchery as a prominent part of an important movie trend?" It does make one think about the implications and moral placing for a moment.

Sean S. Cunningham produced and directed with a hand as capable as John Carpenter's - assuming John was trying to write poetry with a double wooden mallet and in 1978 there are no means of suspense which could have been worthy of *Pulpit* if only they had been handled with care, something Cunningham has trouble understanding. That the film was such a success assures it of its place in genre history and as such warrants discussion.

Cunningham produced Wes Craven's seldom exercise *Last House on the Left* (1973) which, despite being a truly sick film, showed Wes Craven's potential as a director, especially in his handling of "touchy" material. Given the right film he could be a major, though he of yet he has not been given that opportunity. It is his honesty as a filmmaker that shows in his films. Cunningham lacks that, as witnessed in his earlier efforts including *Fear White Trash Part II* (1976) and *Kick* (1979).

The plot (there is one - just) of *Friday the 13th* follows a series of murders at Camp Crystal Lake, 22 years after a first incident took place in 1956. The gory goings-on that follow lack pacing in the build-up needed to bring the horror off. Only in the final sequence is rip-off from

the end of the excellent *Carrie* (1976) with the "sheep" ending does the film achieve anything like what it needs. Above all, the most striking aspect of the film is the Murphy ridden (nearly thrown at us) the "don't" teenage behavior happened to the partly very believable kids in *Halloween*?, the thunderstorm which starts up at the climax so coincidentally, the car that runs out of gas at the wrong moment and so on ad nauseum.

From a technical standpoint, Barry Aborn's photography is relatively pedestrian - except for the final scene - not taking the opportunities when they arise. Harry Manfredini's music is suitably creepy and menacing, though lacking in overall enthusiasm. It seems to fall heavily on a Bernard Herrman style. Too heavily. The performances are unimpaired, often laughable, with Finley Palmer in particular going way over the top. What stands out in the film as Tom Savini's gloriously gross make-up effects, they are a real site. Only in one scene does the film come close to the artistic integrity of *Pulpit* and *Halloween* during the sequence where Jason has a mistal recollection of a drowning boy in the lake. It is stylish enough to seem out of place in the film.

That the film was successful enough to spawn not one but two sequels, with possibly a third one to come (Pleasant Paramount spare us) says something about today's audience, especially American movie-goers. If Part 1 is a bad film, though not entirely aimed so, then Part 2 leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Yet now, with Part 3 in glorious 3-D, comes the final nail in the coffin. *Friday the 13th* is perfidious junk, the kind of junk that American audiences love so. But it's truly enjoyable junk because it utterly refuses to take itself seriously and that may be the salvation for this (hopefully last) last series. Part 3 plays more for laughs itself, some are quite unintentional than you would expect and that is what saves the film from being totally offensive.

*Friday the 13th* had its day and has its place in genre history. Now please let us accept its death and re-birth (tasteful rebirth in the form of *Pulpit II*).

#### FRIDAY THE 13th

(1980)  
Finley Palmer (as Mrs. Voorhees), Adrienne King (as Alice), Harry Crosby (as Bill), Laura Palmer (as Brenda), Mark Rolston (as Ned), Jeannine Taylor (as Marcel), Robin Morgan (as Annie), Kevin Bacon (as Jack).

Produced and directed by Sean S. Cunningham, written by Victor Miller, Associate Producer Stephen Miner. Director of photography Barry Aborn, Music by Harry Manfredini, Special Make-up Effects Tom Savini. A Paramount release 88 minutes Carl X.

# CAMPBELL'S COLUMN

**S**ir, Scotland Yard's persecution of videocassettes has achieved something, and the censorship of films on cassettes is in even worse danger than the censorship in cinemas. We're back to the good old days when horror had to be sold under the counter (Scott Macdonald's *Not for the Fainthearted* is the forerunner, SC cassettes in the films) & ill, they're only video nasties, and even the anti-censorship lobby can't be expected to care. Newspapers have made sure that any defence of the banned films looks as suspect as the films have been made to seem.

That is not exaggeration. The *Daily Express*, that bastion of freedom, even condemned video magazines for reviewing the films at all. Peter Chiappe, the *Sunday Times* crusader for video nasties, played stolidly unspecific about the films against which he was crusading, except to refer darkly to scenes of cannibalism and multiple murder. Had he been assigned to save the paper's reputation after another staff writer had suggested in the toilet supplement that a video film about cannibalism could be fun? Had he even seen any of the films? Never mind all that matters is that he prevented the rest of us from doing so. Or rather, not quite, though I'm sure he would have liked to. In fact the offending titles are still in many libraries, and the treatment of them has stayed on the shelves, despite the artificial publicity it seems that people's taste can be trusted more than the censors would have us believe. Of course the least of the films are pathetic trash. *Driller Killer*, which has nothing to offer on any level except the graphic scene shown on the cassette box, or *SS Experiment Camp*, which uses the concentration camp as an excuse for soft-core sex and crude torture scenes. One can certainly see objections on grounds of taste (though how much more so than to the American television broadcast of *Holocaust*, its death-camp scenes interrupted by potty-house commercials?) and to the blatancy of *Driller Killer's* appeal (though one might argue that its incoherence makes it inadvertently more honest about that appeal than, say, *Pride and Prejudice*), and I should not want to defend either film. The question is rather whether I should have to. Why should films and other fictions be treated as guilty until proven innocent? I believe it's the turning of a film that has to be defended, and in advance.

So what precisely is the objection to, say, *Macabre*? I mean the recent cassette, not William Castle's black and white film. I must give away the plot to make my point, but the secret of the film is there to be seen on the cassette box: this is the one about the lady who keeps her husband's severed head in the freezer when it isn't so her pillow. If the idea is objectionable — and the film never attempts to persuade us that such behaviour is appalling — what are we to

say of Oscar Wilde's play and Richard Strauss's opera in which sexual obsession with a severed head is presented as deeply romantic? (The climax of the opera is, quite simply, orgasmic.) Ah, but *Macabre* is a film, and so must be suppressed. Why?

It may no longer be a case of treating film more harshly than the other arts: it looks more like one aspect of a growing censorship in Britain, including printed material — no great surprise from a government which, for example, prescribes educational freedom while closing comprehensive schools. This is where the term 'nasty' is useful, by suggesting that once a film is classed as 'nasty' no further distinctions need or should be made. I assume the term was invented by a nice reporter, though perhaps not publishers have been using it for years to market the sub-genre. Herbert trope that is flooding the horror shelves in bookshops and drowning the genre. That way, a film such as *Death Trap* can be swept away with the rest.

*Death Trap* is Tobe Hooper's most successful entry in disturbingly black comedy to date — *Psycho* relocated in a setting as artificial as a Technicolor musical and regaled as an uneasy joke. Hardly has Neville Brand murdered a female guest in his hotel, than a family with its own madman takes a room, followed by the murdered girl's father, with Brand's response to a photograph of the dead girl providing the most disconcertingly fillicious joke in the film. Of course there are scenes of disturbing violence; there needs to be, otherwise the film would be merely a comedy. Although the cassette is marketed as the uncensored version, it seems to me to differ little from the version released in British cinemas, and I strongly suspect that the scenes for which the jury convicted the film were present in the censored version. I would call that censorship by the back door, and deplorable.

Which brings us back to the diversity of censorship. British film censorship is our longest-running farce, not only in the vital manner of cutting and/or banning, but also in terms of certificates. Recent examples include an A, now PG, for  *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, but an A, class 18, for *Poleposition*, apparently to please Spielberg, who rightly felt that a horror film with a milder certificate would be shrugged off by potential audiences. An AA, now 15, for *Chaplin*, to thankness of the distributor, who vainly begged George Romero for gore cut-lenses. It is also bizarrely apparent that material will be passed if the film is British but cut if it is not. Consider just one film, *The Rance Chalmers Macabre*. A spokesman for the BBFC declared that the film would have been given a certificate if the distributor had accepted cuts in two scenes: the finale, in which the grandfather lurches killing Marilyn Burns, and the earlier scene in which she is chased with the

*Fantasy Campbell is a horror enthusiast. He accumulated the Fantasy Field until his first bout at age 17 and has delighted audiences ever since with a stream of original and distinctive stories, novels and anthologies. The most recent of which are The Necropolis (Williamstown), Dark Companions (Portland) and The One-some Book (London). Although he has won both the British Fantasy Award and the World Fantasy Award, he is never content with resting on his laurels as Britain's most respected and stylish horror author. Consequently, he also finds time to review horror films for Radio Marburg, as Guest of Honour at numerous Conventions, and reportedly as President of the British Fantasy Society and twice a fairly ill-wrapped on paper film was a central influence on the British Fantasy film festival of the late 60s, we are proud to have him back for a new generation.*

chance. Given the material which the BBFC were prepared to leave in the film, anyone who can make sense of that decision deserves a prize.

It's hardly surprising that video distributors are floundering. EMI discovered belatedly that they were distributing a print of *The Burning* which was 100m seconds longer than the certificated print, and called on video libraries to return their copies for replacement by the authorized version. (I gather the responses from video libraries were short and old-fashioned.) Even in the cut print, Tim Savini's makeups are spectacularly gruesome, yet every one of Savini's makeups has been cut from Interservice's print of *Mindiac*. I have not been able to find out if this was done in consultation with the BBFC, but if not, one can hardly blame Interservice for wanting to be safe rather than sorry. It looks like over-reaction all the same, particularly since the makeups seem to have been the film's only claim to fame.

The great merit of releasing films on video—perhaps the only one—was that it could bypass the vagaries of censorship. Now it looks as if films unlicensed to cinemas will have to be cut according to exactly the same haphazard standards (possibly not haphazard in theory, but certainly in practice) as cinema prints, which takes no account of the way films are distributed by television. (Ask any of the wretches who supported the pirated BT *Nice Peter* of the *Sunday Times* seems worried because viewers can rent gore scores, and in slow motion too. Of course they can, and run the tape in the process, but so what? The crucial effect of video is that it changes film from an experience which, unlike prose, requires the audience to submit to its pace and its effects into an utterly controllable experience. Re-running makeup effects, particularly in slow motion, simply makes clear how they were achieved, certainly in the case of the simultaneously revolting and unconvincing *Snuff*.)

The declared reason for the growth of video censorship is that children are being allowed to see such films. As a parent, I can understand the anxiety, but all the same, that argument leads inevitably to preventing all films available for children from being released on video, a proposal I imagine might give even the recent *Onians* pause. My experience is that the culprits are the staff of video libraries, many of whom couldn't care less how young their customers are or how unsuitable the material is that they borrow. Can it not be made law that all members of the libraries must be over 18, and that libraries must be licensed on the understanding? If not, may we know why? It's time that film—in particular the horror film—ceased to be made the scapegoat for censorship.



Pressbook colour 16pps adults only  
85p (\$2.00)



150px 68pps colour 1876 ed £2.50 (\$7.50)

Make all postal orders cheques (sorry, no cash)

payable to QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS and write to us at

QUALITY MAIL SALE, 3 Lewisham Way, London SE14 6PP

Orders outside UK add £1.00 US\$3.00

# HQ COLLECTOR'S ITEM BACK ISSUES



**No. 11** 45p  
Illustrated adaptation of 1984 Dracula, Kravos, Lee biography & filmography 1980s FBI, Sheridan Home etc.



**No. 18** 45p  
Gentlemen strip, King Kong, Jekyll & Hyde, Hammer Science Fiction Week, Let's NEW Dracula etc.



**No. 10** 45p  
Gentlemen Pt 2, Catriss, Song (1987), Science Fiction, De Palma, Living Dead At Manchester



**No. 20** 45p  
Curse of the Were wolf strip, Class Encounter, Samuel, Fu Manchu, Son of Kong, Shadowman



**No. 15** 45p  
Gentlemen Part 1, Merry Kisses & apples, Cooking Ad Dracula, Wanda, Strain, Zoffen, Hunt, Offspring



**No. 12** 45p  
Gentlemen Part 2, Horror, Wood City, Washford, Stan and, 1933 Invaluable Man, Fear of Frankenstein, etc.



**No. 13** 45p  
Plague of Zombies strip, Star Wars, Unearthly, Paris Festival, People That Time Forgot, Godzilla, Zombies



**No. 14** 45p  
Million Years AC strip, John Constantine, Romero on Martin 4, review, Disasters films, Paris Festival Film



**No. 16** 45p  
Mummy's Shroud strip, Dr. Morbo, Audrey Rose, Blue Scorpions, Fantasy, Mummy's feature, Frankenstein etc.



**No. 19** 45p  
Special Star Wars issue, Rabid, Psycho storyboards, Homecoming, Caracal interview, New Shander strip



**No. 17** 45p  
Vampire Circuit strip, Cinema 2, Hammer storyboards, Cathy's Case, Child, Her grounds of Home



**No. 18** 45p  
Frankenstein, Dracula and Woodstock strip, Cooking magazine, History of Hammer, Rabid, Deep Red



**No. 19** 45p  
Rabbit strip, Cooking filmography, History of Hammer II, Peking Man and Dinosaurs & Molester Rats



**No. 20** 45p  
Rabbit strip, Incredible Melting Man and Savage Race reviews, Vampire Hunter feature, Hammer II



**No. 21** 45p  
Chris Lee Speaks, Shander strip, Nightman Return, Love at Work, World of Deep



**No. 22** 45p  
The Mummy strip, Sorcerers, Black Sunday, Roger Corman FX, Hammer mummy time



**No. 23** 45p  
Gentlemen 2 strip, Last Wave, Argent, Interview 3-D film, Rosemary's Baby, The Shout



**No. 24** 45p  
Special all comic strip issue: Vampire, Golden Vampire, Gentlemen Experiment - 7 stories



**No. 1** 55p  
Jeff Hanks strip, Making of Star Wars, Heavy Hammer, Star Trek Writers, Test special guide



**No. 2** 55p  
C-SPQ Interview, Golden-Men Ray Bradbury on Class Encounters, The Prisoner, Wizards



**No. 3** 55p  
Harrison Ford interview, Superman, Class Encounters, Logan's Run, Star Trek movie

## SUBSCRIBE TO HALLS OF HORROR

Don't risk missing a single issue! Save the time and expense of chasing round the newsagents with a subscription. All copies are mailed flat in an envelope, and reach you weeks before copies hit the shops! 4 issues (annual subscription): £2.50 (UK only).

Make all cheques/postal orders payable to QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS and send to: QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS, 3 LEWISHAM WAY, LONDON SE14 6PP, ENGLAND



Three stations from Charing Cross  
you can meet your favourite heroes at

# QUALITY COMICS

South London's top fantasy bookshop - 3 Lewisham Way, London SE14 Tel (01) 691-7327



## SUMMER SALE NOW ON

\*American comics from  
the 1940s to the 1980s.  
Prices 10p up

\*American & British fantasy  
film magazines from 30p

\*Original comicbook art  
from £5

\*SF paperbacks at 50p -  
Ace, Bantam, Del Ray, etc.

\*Over 50,000 items  
currently in stock



**QUALITY COMICS**

Open Monday-Saturday 10-6.00

Comics bought sold & exchanged

Opposite Goldsmith College  
Buses 21, 36, 53, 141, 171, 177

Train or Underground to:  
New Cross or New Cross Gate